TAKE ONE

the film magazine

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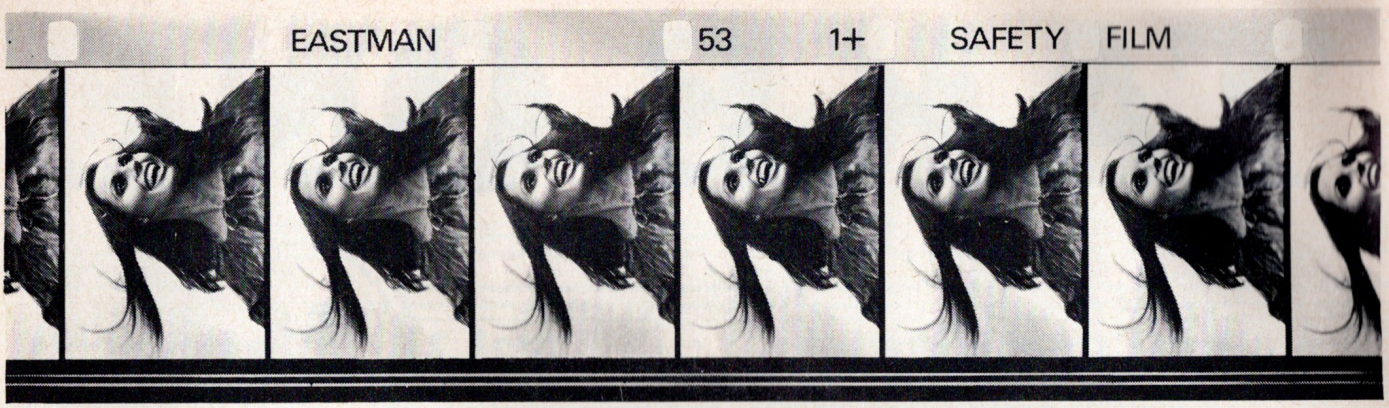
MORE GODARD!

(plus other articles, photo-stories, columns, and reviews)



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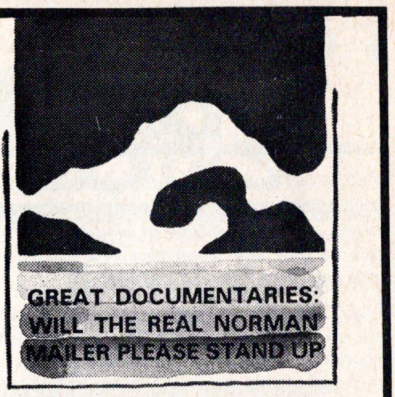

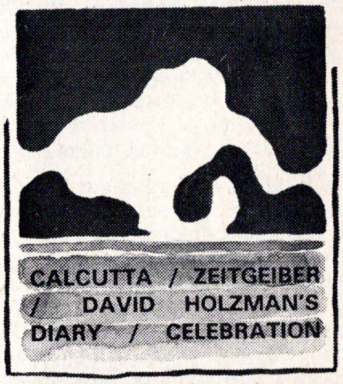

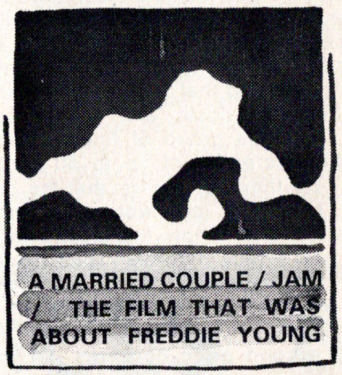

FEED-BACK

TAKE ONE welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters over 500 words in length. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

I am starting a Bell and Howell Filmosound 8 movie club. Our purpose is to create a "special interest group" that will persuade Bell and Howell to provide better repair service, and to manufacture much needed sound filming accessories. Members will correspond by letter and tape cassettes to share equipment information and technical data for expanding their knowledge about Filmosound movie-making. We must join together, or face the possibility of our equipment becoming discontinued. I've been shooting Filmosound movies for three years, and am appointing myself acting club president. Anyone who is making Filmosound movies is encouraged to help us get organized. Perhaps we can generate enough enthusiasm to publish a club newsletter, and promote a Filmosound movie festival. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope along with your first letter.

Filmosound 8 Movie Club
Donald G. Jackson
1043 Vine Street
Adrian, Michigan 49221

I am a little bit worried about a couple of aspects of our business. It seems that at least two major motion pictures in the last few months have decided against shooting in Canada. Apparently cost was a key factor and the fact is, that with no premium on the US dollar and Hollywood's cost cutting efforts, a professional film crew in LA costs about the same as Toronto. These producers have failed to notice that there is an alternative Technicians Union (with much more favourable rates) and that talent and production management costs are lower. Now I hear that this group of fine technicians is after increases of up to 50 cents an hour. Do they not realize that the higher their rates the less work will come to Canada? That's how the slump hit England and later California. They discovered their mistake too late—but it seems that we can not even learn from their experience.

My second gripe concerns our industry's PR. Our divided country continues to stress its three centre/two language problem. Both Quebec and British Columbia have some form of film industry body to promote their province to foreign producers and investors. Yet our best selling point is the *range* of locations, climates and peoples. The one body capable of pulling us together, the Canadian Film Development Corporation has only attempted to put the representatives of the industry together for a few hours at the annual meeting of the CFDC Advisory Board. Even though this group, last December, requested in both English and French that there be more opportunities and time for meeting, Mr. Spencer has still not called a further national meeting. It is my belief that only by exposing, directly or indirectly, the aspiring West Coast filmmaker to the likes of a Jutra or Carle can we expect to develop a multi-aspected Canadian Culture, an understanding of our fellow workers and reap the benefits of increased production from outside sources. French language production in B.C.? Oui, for the same reasons that a Torontonian should explore Montreal on film. One locale, two languages, three production centres—we must make it work together.

(This letter is a personal statement and does not necessarily reflect the views of the Directors Guild of Canada.)

Samuel C. Jephcott
Toronto, Ontario

Having just returned from a year's teaching in Czechoslovakia, I read Josef Skvorecky's article on the Czech cinema (Vol. 2, No. 8) with particular interest. Indeed as he says at the end of the article 'this then is a very rough outline'. Leaving aside the omission of any critique of the politics and ideology of the films [surely in a nationalised cinema there is a very direct relationship between the two and it is no coincidence that there were comparable flourishes in Poland and Hungary in '56 yet not in passively stalinist Czechoslovakia] . Skvorecky does not mention once the Slovak filmmakers—the most outstanding being Jakubisco, one of whose films **The Deserter and the Nomads** was shown in London last year. Czech chauvinism?

Readers may be interested to know of a recent film made by the veteran Czech director Otakar Vavra. The film's title is **Kladivo na Carodinice** which translates as **Hammer of the Witches**. The film is a historical recreation of the witch hunts, interrogations, tortures and deaths of the seventeenth century. And, as in the present, persecutor becomes persecuted—no one is safe. The film is remarkably similar in its contemporary references to Arthur Miller's "Witches of Salem" which also used a historical witchcraft trial to condemn a contemporary injustice. The film was playing quite openly in public cinemas in Brno where I was teaching. Many people warned me that I must see it immediately since they had heard about its imminent removal from the public cinemas. But, though few seemed in doubt about its relevance, it continued its run.

John Petherbridge
South Kensington
London S.W.7

P.S. In case Josef Skvorecky should see this letter, I thought his book "Zbabelci" fantastic—interesting to compare with the Polish "Ashes & Diamonds"—and forward to the appearance of his next novel in English.

Josef Skvorecky replies:

As a matter of fact, the two subjects Mr. Petherbridge finds lacking in my article, i.e. Otakar Vavra's **Witch Hammer** and Juraj Jakubisko & the Slovak Film, had been in my original manuscript, but I deleted them because of "space limitation", which, in a magazine, is a very real thing. In an article of this kind, two ways are open to the author: either he mentions everyone, and then it reads like a telephone directory, or he concentrates on the names that are most important or closely connected with the subject, and then many other names are missing. Because my theme was the "New *Czech* Wave" I left out all the Slovak directors; this is not an expression of Czech chauvinism but, first, Slovaks are simply *not* Czechs, and, more important, the Slovak film-makers are a very distinct group, quite independent of the Prague studios and worthy of a separate article. Had I written about Juraj Jakubisko (whose last feature **Birds, Orphans and Fools**, made in 1969, shares—as far as I know—the fate of the last banned films by Menzel and Schorm) I would have had to write about the founding figure of the Slovak New Wave Stefan Uher, and about at least Peter Solan, Stanislav Barabas, Dusan Hanak and others. As I do not like the phone-book style I rather omitted all of them.

Otakar Vavra's importance rests chiefly with his pioneering work done before World War II. His connection with the New Wave is that he fathered the Film Academy and for many years had been the Dean of the Directors' Faculty and that, in mid-sixties, he first imitated the new style of his own students in **The Golden Rennet** (1965), and then, in 1966, he moved over from imitation to inspiration in **Romance for the Fluegelhorn**. His present troubles are not so much due to **Witch Hammer** but rather to a short school film he permitted one of his students to shoot, which is, reportedly, a kafkaesque metaphor condemning the presence of Soviet troops in Czechoslovakia.

As for my omitting "any critique of the politics and ideology": I do not think this is accurate. My article contains an analysis of what I call a "truly dialectical situation" which was the outcome of certain contradictions of politics and ideology, and resulted in the "disaster of 1959". It is also not exact to say that there was no "flourish comparable" to Poland and Hungary after 1956; there was, but it was thwarted by the stalinists in 1959. I mentioned only Jasny's **Yearning** but there was more; e.g. Helge's **A School for Fathers**, Kadar & Klos's **The Third Wish** or Krska's **Hic Sunt Leones**. But again: the space limitations. . .

Anyway: later this summer *Take One* together with Peter Martin Associates will publish my book tentatively titled "All the Bright Young Men (and Women)", which is a personal history of the Czech cinema with particular emphasis on the development since World War II. Anyone interested will find there much more thorough information than a magazine article can provide.

In the Godard-Gorin interview, Goodwin, Luddy and/or Wise have incorrectly identified Chris Marker as "an American filmmaker working in France". Perhaps they have confused him with William Klein. Marker, whose given name is Christian François Bouche-Villeneuve, is a Frenchman born at Neuilly sur Seine in 1921. Hardly restricting his work to

France, Marker has shot films in China, Siberia, Africa, Cuba, Japan, Israel and elsewhere. In **Cuba Si!, Le Joli Mai** and other films, Marker has made far more effective political cinema than any of the efforts of Godard and Gorin, for all of their noisy Marxist-Leninist Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee. Surely the most innovative film talent of my lifetime, Godard, driven by his chronic self-destructiveness, is now playing hollow, arrogant games about the most important things in all of our lives. Marker's work, serious, whimsical, iconoclastic, has been illuminated from the very beginning by a total committment to the liberation of humanity. If *Take One* is, and I think rightly, going to devote two issues to Godard and company, it at least owes Marker the grace of proper identification.

Joel E. Siegel
Washington, D.C.

[The error was the editor's rather than Goodwin's, Luddy's and/or Wise's.]

classifieds

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Private Film Music collector wants to contact others world-wide for exchanging records, tapes. Write to: Herb Norenberg, P.O. Box 252, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

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NEWS

Benson & Hedges (Canada) Ltd. has announced the establishment of a $2000 scholarship fund offering **assistance to inmates of correctional institutions** who show artistic ability. The fund will be administered by the St. Leonard's Society of Canada. For further information, contact: M.C. Fotheringham, 151 Bloor Street West (Suite 1100), Toronto 181, Ont.

American Documentary Films (either 336 West 84th Street, N.Y.C. 10024; or 379 Bay Street, S.F. 94133) announces that they have acquired distribution rights to the controversial CBS 55-minute documentary **The Selling of the Pentagon.** Prints can be rented or bought.

The price of **popcorn** went up recently. It now costs the theatres about $2.50 for 100 pounds.

Young Canadians walked off with eleven awards, including one top award (third prize in the 16mm category went to Robert Weltman of Willowdale. Ont. for his animated film *Eden*) in the eighth annual **Kodak Teenage Movie Awards** — not bad when you consider that the Canadian contingent of 25 was competing with more than 1000 entries from the United States. Information and entry

FESTIVALS & COMPETITIONS

From the **First Australian Filmmakers' Festival:** "We would like you to come to the festival and screen your latest or most representative work. If you can't make it, we would like you to send this work for screening & freight both ways will be paid by the Festival & your work will be covered by insurance whilst at the Festival. We would like to know as soon as possible what work you intend showing & would like details on screen format, film size, running time, etc. We'll let you know when and how to send your films. The Festival will screen films in 8mm, Super 8, 16mm, and 35mm. The Festival will be entirely FREE — no admission charges, no fees for screening films, no prizes, no 'best' film, etc. Write us for more information at the Festival Office, P.O. Box 375, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010."

The **Bellevue Film Festival** will be held in Bellevue, Washington in late July of this year, and will accept entries of 16mm films, less than two years old, not previously entered in this festival. The films must be the work of an independent filmmaker, and must be optical sound or silent. Entry fee is $6.00 and the entry deadline is early July. Cash awards will be made in the amounts of $1000, $300, and $100. Contact: Mrs. James E. Duke III, Bellevue Film Festival, 376 Bellevue Square, Bellevue, Wash. 98004.

The **Central California Film and Fine Arts Festival** is scheduled for mid-September, with an entry deadline of the end of July. Categories are 16mm documentary, animation, theatrical, and experimental, and professional, student, and amateur U.S. filmmakers are eligible. Send a brief background statement and synchronization instructions with your name and address. Additional information re finalists, awards, return shipping, complimentary festival tickets will be mailed upon receipt of entry. Write to: Central California Film and Fine Arts Festival, Screening Committee, KBAK-TV, 2210 Chester Avenue, Bakersfield.

The **Columbus Film Festival,** in operation for over fifteen years, will be held the last week of October. 16mm prints in the categories of business and industry, information and education, health/mental health, travel in the U.S. and abroad, religion, graphic and cultural arts, and special fields are eligible. The entry deadline is the end of July. For more information, contact: Columbus Film Festival, Film Department, Columbus Public Library, 96 South Grant Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The **4th Annual Monterey Independent Film-Makers Festival** will be held the week of August 22 to 28 at Carmel's Village Theatre, 7th and Dolores, Carmel, California. Competition is open to 16mm prints, optical soundtrack or silent. Running time should not be longer than approximately forty-five minutes. Films must have been completed after April 1, 1970 and must reach the festival committee (along with a $5.00 fee) no later than August 1. $2,000 in prizes will be awarded. For complete information and entry forms, contact Monterey Independent Film-Makers Festival, P.O. Box 321, Pacific Grove, California 93950.

The Research Department of the American Film Institute, under a grant from the Louis B. Mayer Foundation, has been gathering and preserving first-hand accounts of some of the individuals who played significant roles in the development of American film. The Institute currently has **openings for two Research Associates** for the 1971-72 year, who will undertake a comprehensive study of a major figure in American cinema. A year's stipend of $9,000 is offered. For further information, write to: Richard Thompson, Research Manager, Center for Advanced Film Studies, the American Film Institute, 501 Doheny Road, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

CONFERENCES & COURSES

The Kent School/AFI second **Summer Film Institute** will be held August 15-29 at Kent School in Kent, Conn. Limited to sixty participants (at $275 each, all-inclusive), the institute is designed for educators who will examine film study in the school, film history and criticism, and film making, under a series of distinguished lecturers and guest lecturers. More info from: The American Film Institute, 1815 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

The University of Southern California announces that, beginning next semester, it will offer a **Master of Science degree in Film Education** — first of its kind — for teachers of film. Contact the

forms for the ninth annual competition are available from the Advertising Department, Canadian Kodak Co. Ltd., 3500 Eglinton Ave. West, Toronto 15, Ont.

The **War/Peace Film Guide,** by Lucy Dougall, is a 50-page booklet detailing short and feature films suitable for use in a course or workshop on the topic of war/peace. Just 75 cents from World Without War Council of Greater Seattle, 1730 Grove Street, Berkeley, Cal. 94709.

Another useful publication is The **Directory of Film Libraries in North America,** listing over 1300 libraries that have film (and/or other audio-visual materials) collections. The price is $5.00 from the Film Library Information Council, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

An article in the Toronto *Telegram* by Sid Adilman indicates that — in the Toronto area at least — films remain the **biggest-drawing entertainment**. Famous Players theatres alone registered 6,635,342 admissions during 1970 — more than three times the entire metropolitan population! Odeon cinemas accounted for another 3,587,485 patrons, while independent houses totalled an estimated 500,000 more.

The **Women's History Research Center** library — 2325 Oak, Berkeley, Cal. 94708 — is collecting film reviews by women. (The Center is a recently-established research, lending, corresponding, and selling library of women's literature.) Enquiries and contributions welcome.

The World Affairs Council of Boston has just published a **search-guide for non-commercial films** of countries other than the USA and Canada. "See Films / Use Them" — as the pamphlet is entitled — includes a brief discussion of the most notable examples of each country's cinematic output, plus a useful list of sources of both films and further information. Available for $1.00 from: World Affairs Council, 70 Hereford Street, Boston, Mass. 02115.

A free one-year subscription goes out to Carol Slingo of Glenview, Illinois for correctly identifying the directors of both **Beast With a Million Eyes** (David Kramarsky; and produced by Roger Corman) and **Captive Women** (Stuart Gilmore), although she failed to correctly credit **Bride of the Monster** (1956), **This Is Not a Test** (1962), or **Cape Canaveral Monsters** (1960). (All five films were mentioned, without the names of their directors, in an article on "Nuclear Films" by Joe Kane in our issue Vol. 2 No. 6.)

Our own researchers have now identified Edward D. Wood Jr. as the neglected director of **Bride of the Monster** (which starred Bela Lugosi and Tor Johnson), are on the trail of **This Is Not a Test,** but are beginning to wonder whether **Cape Canaveral Monsters** wasn't a figment of Mr. Kane's active imagination. Any suggestions out there?

university at: University Park, Los Angeles, Cal. 90007.

The **University Film Association** holds its Twenty-Fifth Annual Conference August 15-20 in Madison, Wisconsin. The UFA is a nonprofit organization uniting people engaged in teaching various aspects of the cinema, and providing them with a central source of information on film instruction and production by education institutions, as well as a means for sharing ideas. For more details write: UFA Membership Chairman, Radio-TV-Film, The University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas 66044.

The Canadian Film Institute announces the publication of its first annual **Guide to Film Courses in Canada.** The booklet is available for $1.00 from the CFI at 1762 Carling, Ottawa 13, Ontario and lists staff and courses available at each of the nation's universities.

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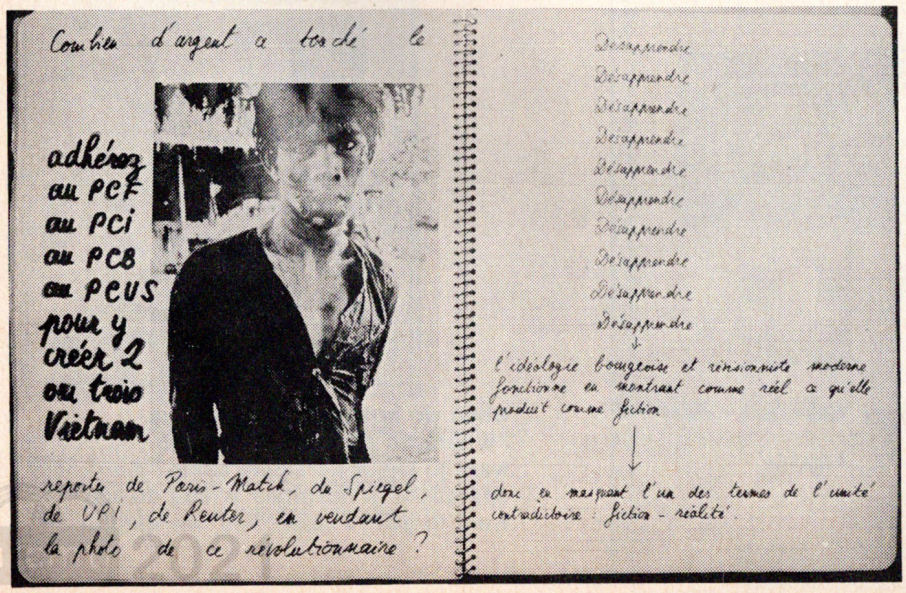
Couches d'argent a touché le
adhérez au PCF au PCI au PCB au PCUS pour y créer 2 ou trois Vietnam
reporter de Paris-Match, de Spiegel, de UPI, de Reuter, en vendant la photo de ce révolutionnaire ?
Désapprendre
l'idéologie bourgeoise et révisionniste moderne fonctionne en montrant comme réel ce qu'elle produit comme fiction
donc en masquant l'un des termes de l'unité contradictoire : fiction - réalité.

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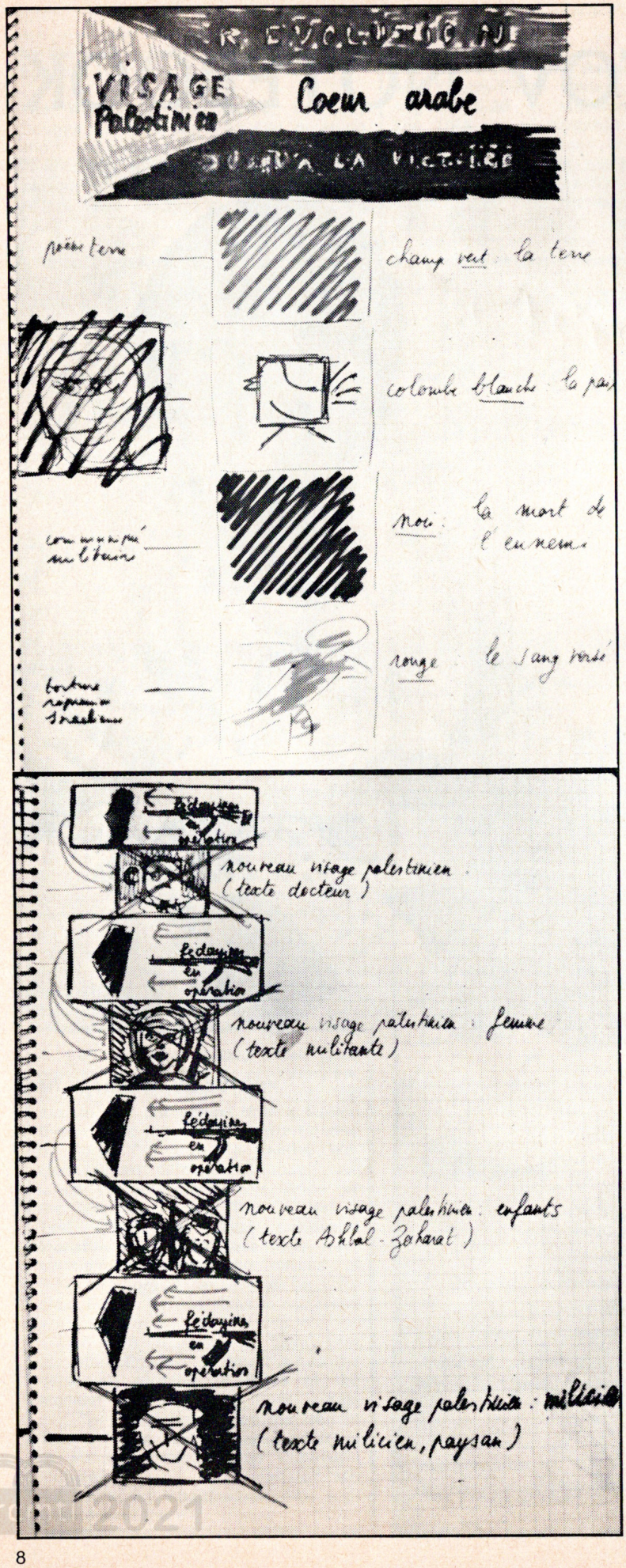
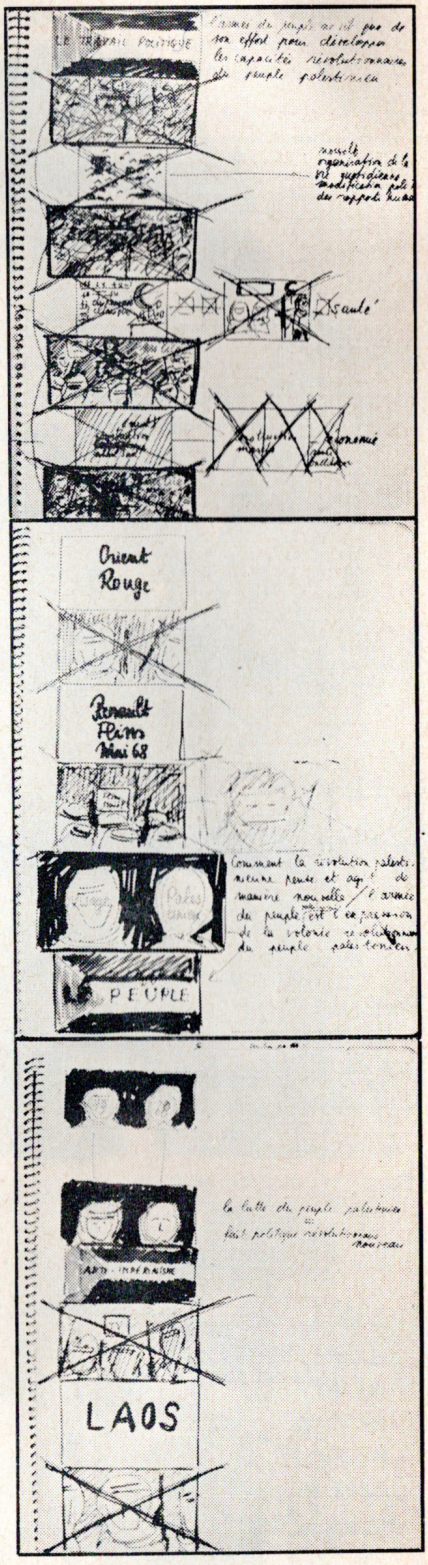

VISAGE Palestinien
Coeur arabe
DURANT LA VICTOIRE
peau terre
champ vert la terre
colombe blanche la paix
yeux
noir: la mort de l'ennemi
rouge le sang versé
torture répression Israël
nouveau visage palestinien (texte docteur)
fedayine en opération
nouveau visage palestinien : femme (texte militante)
nouveau visage palestinien : enfants (texte Abbal-Zahrat)
nouveau visage palestinien : milicien (texte milicien, paysan)

In Palestine they are used to receiving CBS reporters, or Newsreel men (who are the same — even if the Newsreel men are sincere people, they haven't really thought about the problems). So



when we arrived, they asked us, "Where do you want to go? Do you want to shoot a training camp? An operation? A hospital? Where do you want to go?" I said, "Yes, we want to

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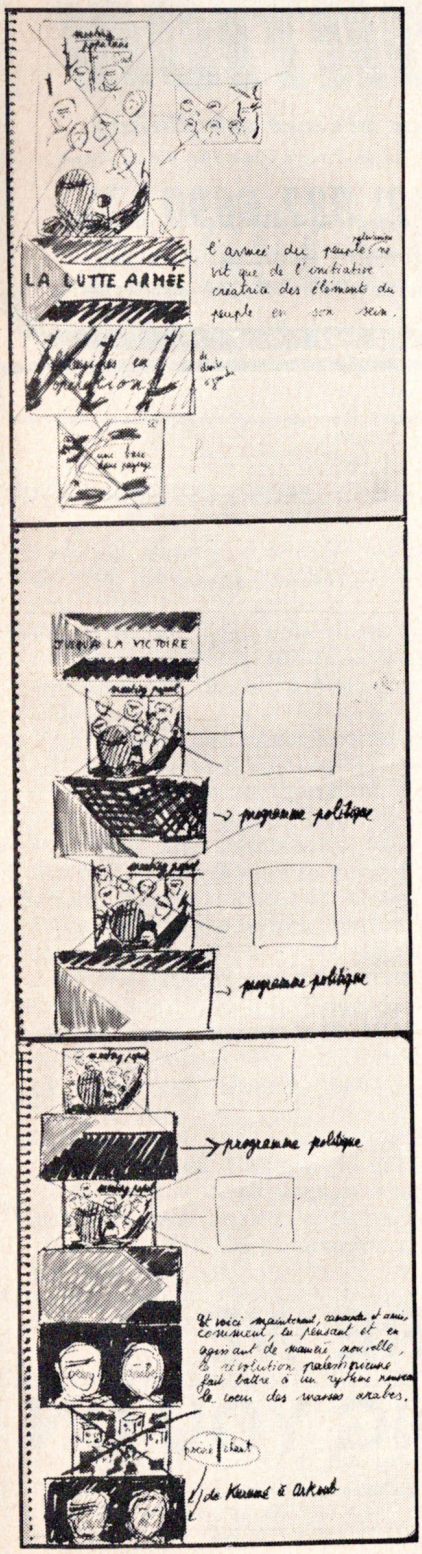
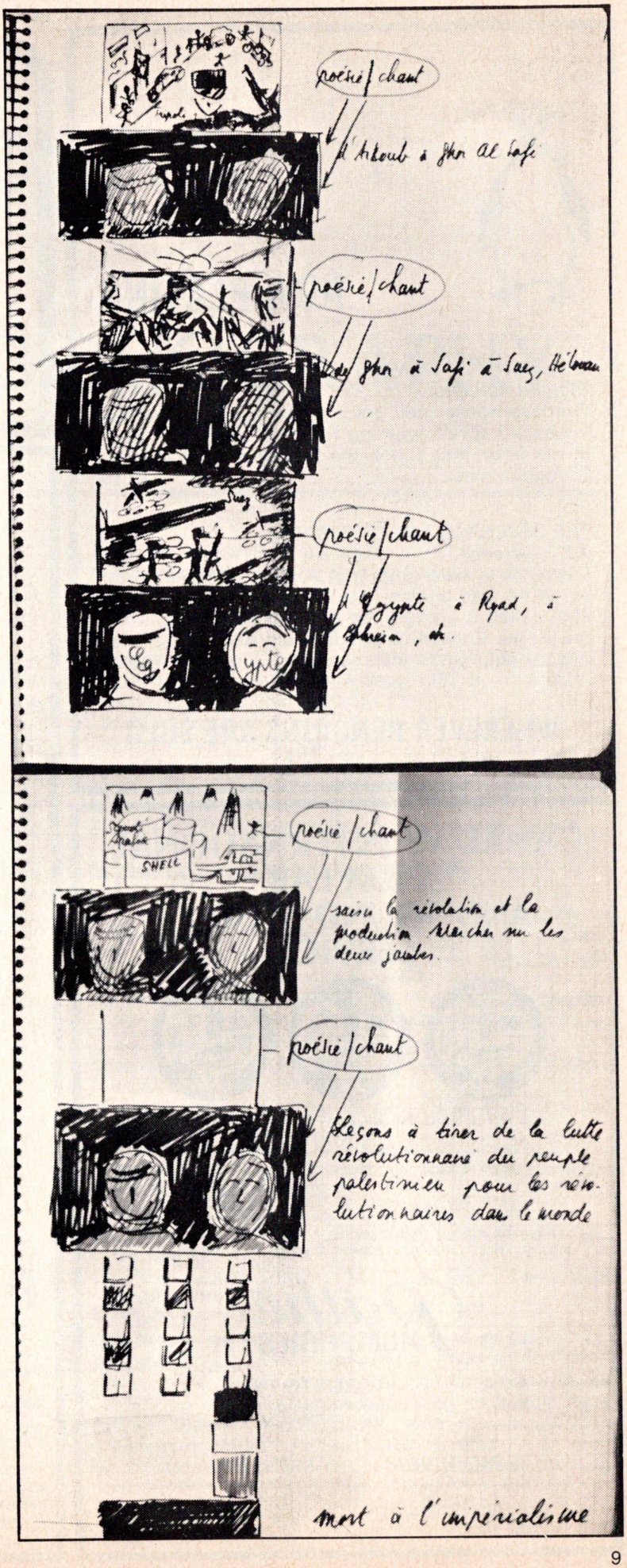
see a training camp, we want to see an operation, but for the moment we don't know if we are going to build our picture from them. To know, we have to discuss it with you." . . . It was a



political fight with them, because they were still on "go and fetch images", while we were on "try to analyse and build images", which are completely different.



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GODARD:

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DZIGA VERTOV: THREE RECENT FILMS

british sounds

British Sounds (the original and correct title of the film which Grove Press has retitled **See You At Mao**) is the second movie by Jean-Luc Godard and the Dziga Vertov group to be seen in this country. The first, **A Film Like All The Others,** dealt with the May-June events of 1968 in Paris, and caused a minor riot at its New York Lincoln Center premiere, where an angry audience demanded its money back after submitting, for a few minutes, to the film's incomprehensible soundtrack.

Since **British Sounds,** which was completed early in 1969, the Dziga Vertov group has finished several more 16mm features. These recent films represent a complete break for Godard from his previous work in cinema, which he now denounces as "bourgeois," in the sense that his earlier films, through **One Plus One,** all reflected an individual artist's vision of a subject, which—even if the subject was Marxist-Leninism as in **La Chinoise,** or the madness of consumer capitalism as in **Weekend**—resulted in "art" at best, and a misrepresentation of the dialectic nature of material reality at worst.

For Godard, these recent films approach political subjects with the weapons of Marxist-Leninist *analysis,* rather than with the "feelings" of a sensitive artist—"feelings" that get in the way of facts and/or action. He intends these current films to serve as audio-visual blackboards rather than as mirrors of reality, and has made them to be shown to small groups of militants. His tools, as always, are sound and image, but he is working toward building revolutionary sound-image structures designed to explode the false methods of classical film-making, where sound usually complements image in a servile fashion to form an "aesthetic" (hence "unnatural") whole.

If the attempt to achieve a dialectical opposition of image and sound was carried too far in **A Film Like All The Others,** Godard's liberation of sound in **British Sounds** is brilliantly successful. There are six sequences in the film, and in each sequence one or two simple images are opposed by complex sounds—it is up to the spectator to make the necessary analyses that link image and sound, just as the spectator must supply the links between the sequences, which are simply arranged consecutively in a linear fashion.

The first sequence presents a simple and powerful audio-visual lesson in class struggle; it is a ten-minute tracking shot down an assembly line in a Morris auto factory, steady and slow like the famous track in **Weekend**, punctuated by the usual punning inserts (FORD USA, with the D and A crossed out). The soundtrack is deliberately more complex than the image. First element: the unbearable (to bourgeois ears) screeches and screams of industrial noise that workers endure every day—loud, clanging, hissing, hooting white noise. Second element: a booming masculine voice declaiming from texts of Marx and Engels the planet-shaking *words* of the Revolution. Third element: the voice of a little girl memorizing her Marxist catechism—the important dates and events of the working class struggle in England. Her voice continues, on and off, throughout the entire film.

The second sequence begins with an unmoving, Warhol-type shot of a staircase in a bourgeois house; at the top of the stairs are two doors. A nude young woman with a beautiful body walks up and down the stairs, in and out of the doors, and in and out of frame. On the soundtrack, the same woman (who is a writer for a British underground paper) reads Women's Liberation texts she has written. Mixed over her voice, a masculine voice suggests topics for research ("A Marxist-Leninist analysis of the most natural position to fuck," etc.).

The final image is a medium-shot of the girl's nude torso, midriff to thighs, which is held so long that it defeats any voyeuristic tendencies and becomes an image almost surreal in its purity. This section of the film was created by Godard and a representative of Women's Liberation in England, and is a bold attempt to present the image of a naked female in a way that does not reduce her to a depersonalized sex-object—an im-

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British Sounds

archive.org

age of sexuality and femininity that cannot be consumed by the pornographic appetites created by capitalism.

The third sequence is called "Capital Sound," and is placed near the center of the film. Its placement is ideologically meaningful, because it is the central sound of capitalist ideology that, through the media, dominates England today. It is, therefore, the sound that the workers, students and women in the film react against in their revolutionary struggles.

A toothy young man with an upper-class accent is shown, in a black-and-white image reminiscent of a TV screen, delivering a speech that is outrageous in its blatant racism, jingoism and class arrogance. The speech appears to be a rewrite of one of Enoch Powell's speeches, stating literally what Powell only implied between the lines. The shot is intercut with brief, beautiful shots of workers and Third World people in London slums and around the countryside.

The fourth sequence returns to the "Workers' Sound," only this time, instead of the overwhelming assembly line cacophony, we hear the workers' voices recorded during a meeting of Trotskyist Union men. The camera pans back and forth across the room, carefully avoiding the faces of the men who are speaking; we view the meeting in a way that emphasizes the collective nature of the group. As in the rest of the film, the image is regularly interrupted by inserted slogans (and a few film references), and the soundtrack by the little girl's revolution lesson.

The fifth sequence is titled, "Student Sound," and focuses on a group of radical students who have occupied a "liberated" University building at Essex. They are shown working together, lettering picket signs and rewriting the lyrics to several Beatles songs. ("You say Nixon, I say Mao," to the tune of "Hello Goodbye," etc.) Godard's intention was probably to show the students engaging in collective revolutionary activity, but in contrast to the workers' sequences, this image of the Student Left cannot help but appear somewhat negative from a Marxist-Leninist viewpoint. In effect, this sequence is an accurate critique of the elitism of these Essex students.

The final sequence, "Sound of Revolution," is composed of a series of simple images, counterpointed on the soundtrack by a tremendously complex sound-montage made from revolutionary songs in various languages. The first shot is a long one: a bloody forearm with a clenched fist moves slowly and painfully across a few feet of dirt and snow, to take up a red flag which lies on the ground. This shot may be the most beautiful revolutionary image in all cinema. It is followed by a shot of the flag waving, and then by a series of shots wherein paper Union Jacks are rent by up-raised fists. As the Union Jacks are shafted, voices assert solidarity with a litany of British workers' and students' struggles. Finally, there is an all-red frame with the words: "NO END TO CLASS STRUGGLE," while on the soundtrack we hear, twice, the last line of the song from Marat/Sade: "We want our revolution.... NOW!"

Tom Luddy

Pravda

PRAVDA

After a career of blows against the bourgeois empire, Godard takes on the other politico-economic giant — Soviet revisionism. Of Dubcek's country, where the film was made, a narrator says, "We are in a socialist country. Whoever says socialist says red. The red of the blood spilled by the workers for their emancipation." The bitter irony in this statement is the subject of a concrete, if polemic, analysis that makes up the film.

The film examines the new meanings of red Czechoslovakia. "There was fighting between the different kinds of red. Between the red which comes from the left and the red which goes off towards the right." As Vladimir the narrator says this, the blemished red side of a streetcar moves onto the frame from the left, stops, then moves off to the right. The red seems abstracted, a moving color.

Over a shot of a faded-red neon Agfa sign in Prague, Vladimir apologizes to comrade narrator Rosa and to the audience for the color of the film. The ironic contradiction of the shot itself is repeated verbally: "The color is bad, it's West German film processed in Soviet labs."

The color of the revolution has become detached from the workers' blood; it is in conflict with itself, and it is fading. Why? Because it has been prostituted (prostitution is a subject of constant attention and perpetual variety in Godard's films). The spilt blood of the workers has been replaced by rosé wine overflowing upon the dinner table of an élitist bureaucrat —"There's only a short distance from political prostitution to the whorehouse and it is quickly covered by the directing clique."

The narrator Rosa is the voice of anti-revisionist purity, the image of the pure-red rose seen blowing in the wind in shot after shot, finally trampled in the Czechoslovakian mud; the theory of Rosa Luxemburg and other purists is trampled too in that mud. Rosa's narration is as positive and healing as Mao's Red Book:

"Comrades, let's be careful ... If we are not careful, we risk falling into bad habits of bureaucracy and granting ourselves special privileges."

" ... the peoples' criticism is the moving force behind our leadership."

"All controversies among the people should be solved by discussion, self-criticism, persuasion and education. They cannot be solved by repression."

" ... practice self-criticism and have the courage to correct our errors and the shortcomings in our book."

" ... practice the method: struggle, criticism, transformation."

Godard is dealing in reversals, the reversal of a historical movement from leftwards to rightwards. Revisionism is the film's target, the fading of the red; arresting revisionism is the film's purpose and self-criticism is its method and message.

It is the self-critical method that distinguishes Godard's films. The fight against conservative use of all media as a soporific for the people has been as central to his films as any other issue, and that fight is carried into a new field in **Pravda.** The spiral of advertising as need-creation, a characteristic of Western capitalism, is seen here as part of the revisionist trend — "Revisionism has played its part, the theses of Lieberman have become those of Galbraith and Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber." The advertising spiral is an old Godard target, but no less so is the unself-critical medium, the medium used to corroborate the status quo and not to analyze the concrete situation. If **Pravda** had been shown on Czechoslovakian TV, the people would not have seen "the same lying girl — TV girls wearing cashmere sweaters" — they would have seen those long

Ron Green is completing graduate work in English (at State University of N.Y. at Buffalo) with a dissertation on Jean-Luc Godard's last ten films. He has taught film for three years, and has had short stories appear in both *Panache* and *Esquire*.

tedious shots of workers working long tedious hours at lathes. Perhaps they would have been bored, unentertained. Perhaps, on the other hand, they would have seen themselves and sensed the metaphor of the closed-cycle in those endlessly turning machines, and thus gained the vision to escape that cycle.

Learning to see has political meaning and Godard's continuing concern for cinematic semiology is not merely vestigial decadence. The dialectic of image and sound is the key to understanding the mystification of the media. "No, Rosa. No longer be satisfied with true texts over false images." With general demystification comes general control of the means of communications production, which is a revolutionary concept. "Take apart the contradiction between images and sounds; they can be used to make new connections. Take control ourselves of the relation to production between images and sounds".

* * *

The film follows many complex movements of the red. A recurring image is a long-shot from above showing a streetcar turn-around, a circle of track, in which red streetcars full of people come from the right toward the left, stop and disgorge, then circle and go off to the right again. Metaphorically, it is revisionism in practice, the reversal of the red, traveling left with the masses, then traveling right again, abandoning the masses. Literally too it is the daily round of going to and coming from work, work made meaningless by the capitalistic resurgence. It is another closed circle.

At the end of the film, the red flag flies above the fender of a truck roaring left as a revolutionary song plays — slowly the tracking camera gains on the flag, passes it, and the film ends as the left-traveling red flag goes off frame, to the right.

Ron Green

vladimir & ROSA

The "Rosa" of the title is Red Rosa Luxemburg. That was easy. . . no one has done a doctoral thesis on "Rosas Throughout History." But Vladimir. Imagine my surprise, if you will, on learning that Lenin had a first name. I had always classified him (in name only) with people like Fernandel, Arletty, Saki and Sabu. You can understand then why I approach Godard's present explicit politically militant filmmaking phase somewhat gingerly.

Vladimir and Rosa represent narrative voices, such as they are, but seem more properly to be the selected personae of Godard and J.P. Gorin, the literal narrators of this largely non-narrative film.

Vladimir and Rosa is an exercise in guerilla theatre, a semi-Brechtian reenactment of the Chicago conspiracy trial and a disquisition on how films, including this one, should be made. I suppose it is a true political film in the sense that Godard has disavowed not only aesthetic purpose but personal committment, as well. **Vladimir and Rosa** was commissioned by Grove Press, and Godard states at the beginning of the film itself that he is making it because "it is necessary to pay for a film on Palestine." This makes **V&R** a political artifact of true necessity, and a tool that will at least alter the world of El Fatah.

The secondary purpose of **Vladimir and Rosa** specifically (and the primary aim of *all* films in Godard's view) is to wed practice to political theory. The stated method of **V&R** is to reflect in simple images and sounds (practice) the meaning of the trial of the eight radicals (theory). Godard's treatment of this renown miscarriage of justice is totemic; he shapes the material to conform to his Leninist-Marxist-Maoist view of oppression in a bourgeois-capitalistic society. His method is less investigatory than declamatory. And his understanding (or lack of it) of the trial suggests political fervor rather than enlightened or sophisticated interpretation. —an approach that is quite consonant with his ideology. This bias is present most significantly in his treatment of the defendants (whose identities are tampered with freely and wittily by Godard) as oppressed workers, rather than lapsed bourgeoisie. It is also indicated in his portrayal of Defense Attorney William Kunstler (here named John Kunstler) as an egomaniacal Revisionist.

Vladimir and Rosa is a film without the traditional credit roll, and so it is somewhat ironic to refer to Godard as the auteur, to ascribe this and that to him when he would just as soon be thought of as an anonymous worker. But because the apotheosis resulting in the Dziga Vertov collective is blessedly short of complete, the hand of Godard is still present and identifiable. There are still, despite the demands of solidarity and the opposition of politics and bourgeois aesthetics, dramatic moments in the film; artifacts of popular culture and entertainment that purportedly drain revolutionary energy. Godard's treatment of the Women's Liberation movement is an interesting example. To begin with, the only identifiable 'stars' in the film (Juliet Bertho and Anne Wiazemsky) are women. For all his revolutionary cant, Godard still likes a pretty face and is willing to exploit it. The only dramatic dialog in the film (aside from Godard's and Gorin's dialectic and the structured exchanges at the trial which qualify more significantly as disguised monologue/invective) is an exchange between Wiazemsky and her lover. Because of engaging gesture, inherent humor and humane confrontation this scene is reminiscent of the Godard of **Masculin Feminin** and **La Chinoise** which, I trust, makes it entertaining and therefore counter-productive. Another scene which threatens to evoke traditional film values is a discussion between two stammering film technicians (Godard and Gorin) who discuss their revolutionary approach to film in the midst of a mixed-doubles tennis match. This concrete embodiment of luxury and action (practice) is a lot more compelling than the sound of pious political platitudes (theory). This is the kind of ironically funny comment that we have come to expect of Godard, and it certainly qualifies as energetic self-criticism.

Finally, **Vladimir and Rosa** is less frenetic, less colorful and less complex technically than movies like **La Chinoise, Weekend, Le Gai Savoir** and even **Sympathy for the Devil.** It suggests emphatically that he is sophisticated enough to use 8mm, and from there videotape cannot be far away. (If form is to follow function, Godard should be ready for videotape casettes before anyone else.) His use of graffiti and artifacts of pop culture is more muted, less dynamic. His employment of written slogans is almost exclusively political — it is far less referential and eclectic. His soundtrack is dominated by verbal polemic, interspersed with passages of rock music featuring largely unintelligible lyrics. Godard suggests that "we must learn the images that oppress us", and **Vladimir and Rosa** is an earnest though often humorous pedagogue. If only Godard-Gorin were not so laborious about the images and sounds that are supposed to liberate us.

Susan Rice

Godard and an admiring Mike Goodwin

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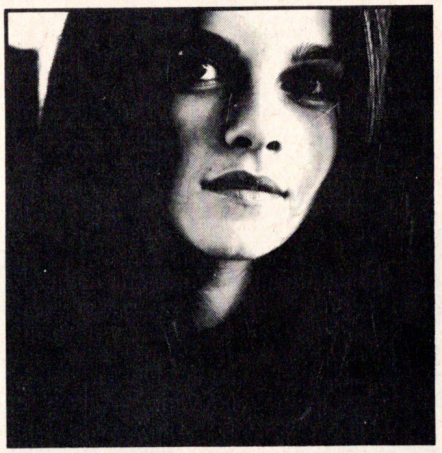
Born 28 years ago the second daughter of a Montreal bus driver, Genevieve Bujold spent all 12 of her school years at a convent. At 14, she sold her bicycle to take diction lessons. At 17, she left the convent for a three-year course at Mon-

genevieve



treal's Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art. Two months before graduation (in 1961) she quit to play a part in The Barber of Seville ("To hell with diplomas, I thought. Where do you go with a piece of paper anyway?"). At 21, she was working in radio, tv, Shakespearean productions, low-budget separatist films. She was 22 when CBC director Paul Almond spotted one of her performances and asked her to play the lead in his production of Anouilh's Romeo and Jeanette (they were married in 1967), then — (Continued two pages overleaf)

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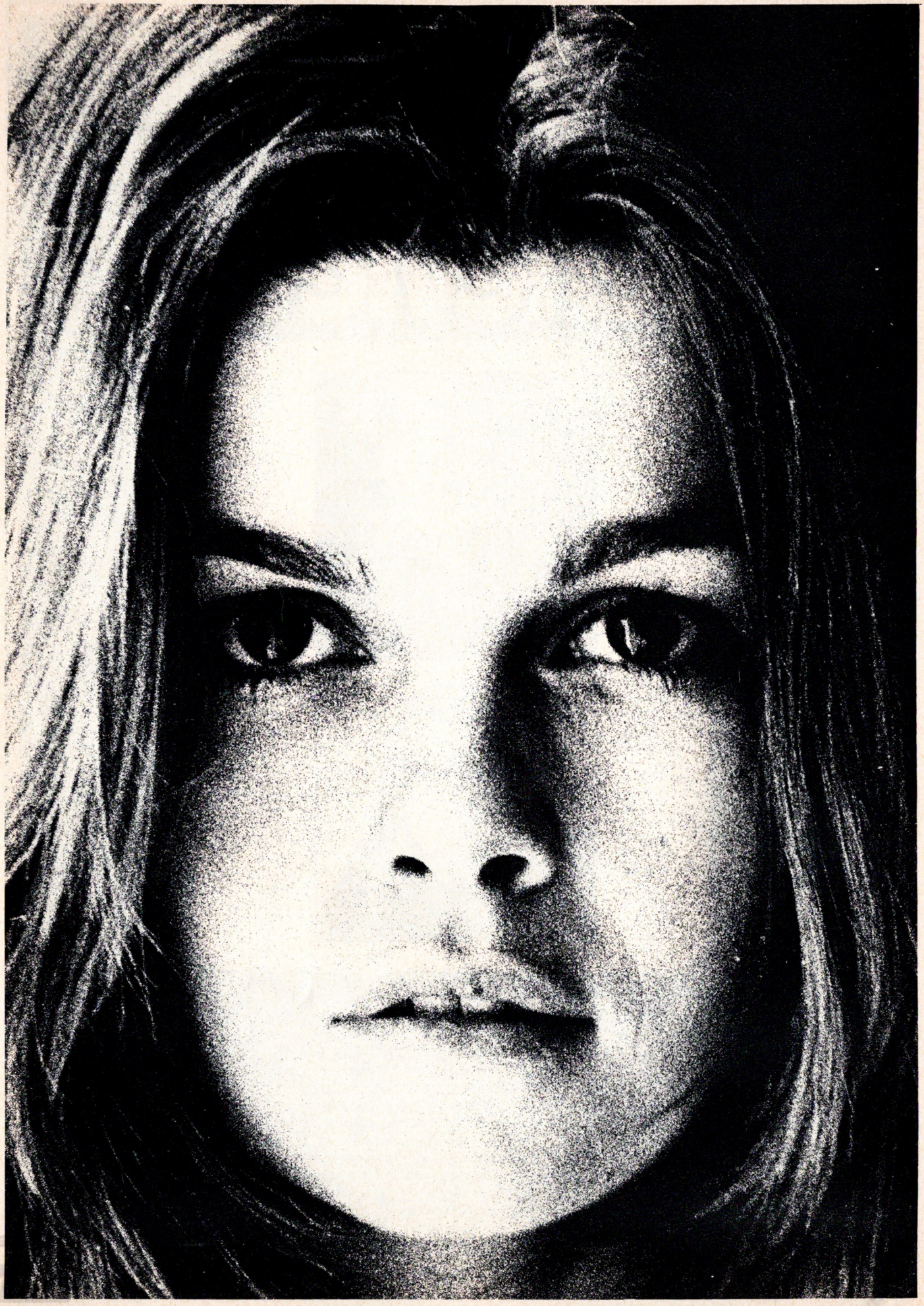

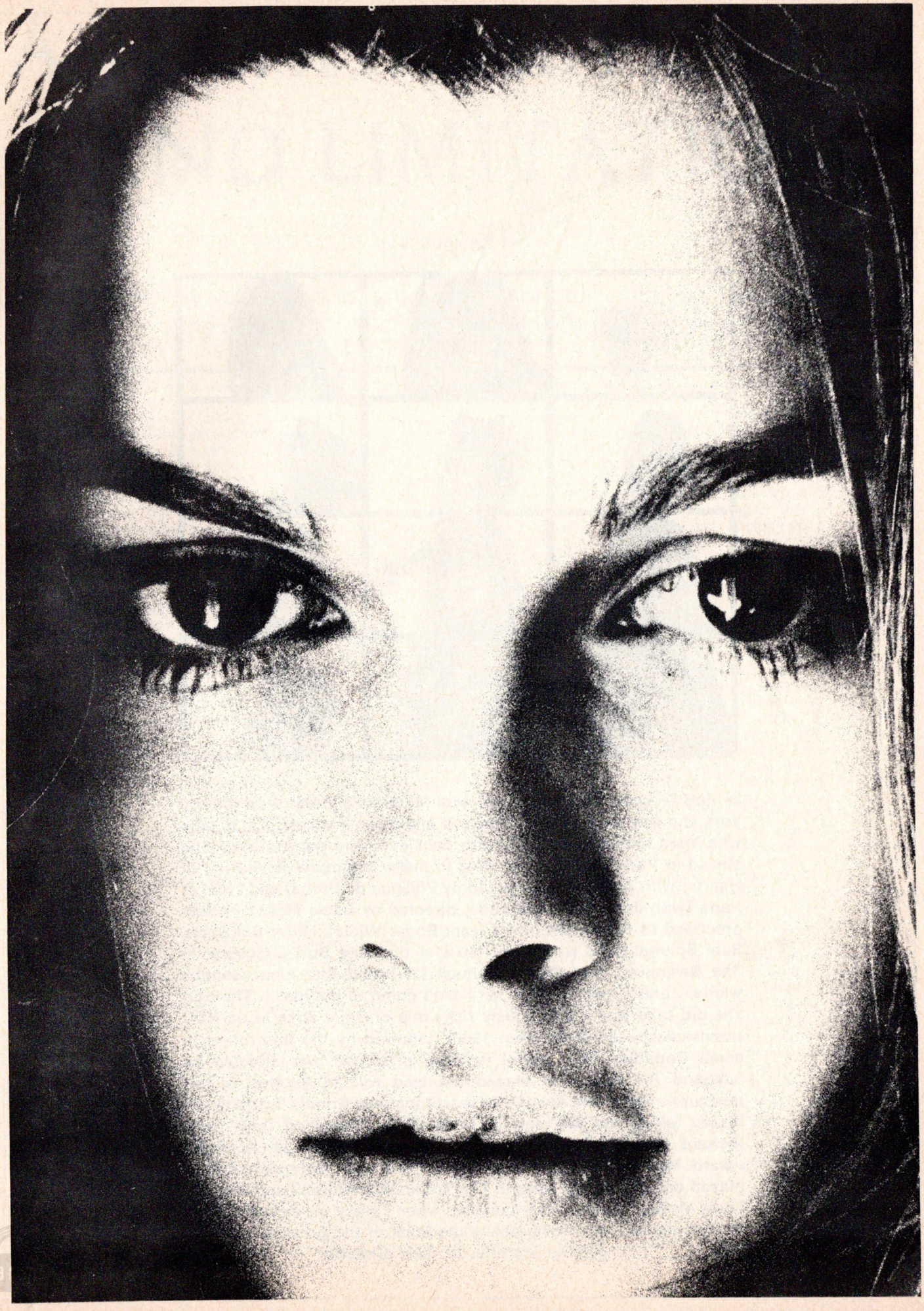

in 1965 — while touring France with Montreal's Théâtre du Rideau Vert, she was seen by Alain Resnais and given a screen test to play with Yves Montand in La Guerre Est Finie. She got the part. She stayed in Paris after the shooting to make two more films: King of Hearts (with Alan Bates, directed by Philippe de Broca) and Thief of Paris (with Jean-Paul Belmondo, directed by Louis Malle) — then proceded to turn down offers from Roger Vadim, Harry Saltzman, Sam Spiegel (who wanted her to star opposite Burt Lancaster in The Swimmer), and Darryl Zanuck ("I heard that what Zanuck wants, Zanuck gets — well, he wasn't going to get me."). The part she did take was the famously risky one of Saint Joan in an NBC television special (December 1967), followed by the title role in a small Canadian film, Isabel (written, produced and directed by husband Almond). She played the lead role in another of her husband's films, The Act of the Heart (opposite Donald Sutherland), before taking the title part in Anne of the Thousand Days (with Richard Burton), for which she was nominated for an Academy Award. Most recently, in the summer of last year, Genevieve Bujold played one of the lead roles in The Trojan Women (still unreleased). Louis Malle: "I often make mistakes when I make predictions, but it is undeniable: Genevieve makes me think of the greatest ones, of Jeanne Moreau, of Julie Christie."

2021

A TECHNICAL POINT - AND LIMITATION

by J. Dudley Andrew

A film criticism which would assume the artwork to "exist" only as perceived on the screen would change our conception of the art.

Although the art is but some seventy years old, the cinema has settled into certain notions of itself which, for better or worse, will probably dominate its growth for some time to come. I wish to suggest here that several of these notions have arisen from critical feedback. The term "cybernetics" is used in anthropology to describe the syndrome of feedback. When, for instance, a society decides to feed its infants through bottles rather than breasts, there is a change not only in the babies but in the society. The babies change the way their mothers hold them, speak to them, and treat them later on. Analogously, the critical language which was initially chosen to deal with the new art of cinema may have had a great deal to do with the attitudes filmmakers acquired concerning their work and hence may have determined, to a far greater extent than we might imagine, the course of film history.

There has been from the first an assumption in film criticism that it must account for a dual process: a) for activity of the subject or "action in front of the lens", and b) for the activity of the recording device or "action behind the lens". Included in the former are gestures, lighting, and so forth; and among the possibilities of the latter are included photographic, editing, and processing devices. It is only natural for these dual categories to have arisen because they simulate, in a certain definite sense, the creative processes of the filmmaker, at least as the layman imagines it. The documentary filmmaker in particular, we feel, chooses a subject (a visual fact) to film and then decides on the appropriate lens, angle, and so forth in which to render that subject. The critic therefore, in an attempt to exhaust the qualities of any given film will mention first the action and then the manner in which the camera went about its business in covering that action, or the manner in which the editing devices analyzed or emphasized that action.

There are additional reasons for this critical approach. Since cinema might be considered the first technical art, it is quite possible that critics and thinkers have felt obliged to adhere as closely as possible to the technical demands and possibilities of the medium. There is finally a certain confidence which attends the enumeration of technical devices. One can describe Porter's or Griffith's style by "watching him work." Now, if this type of criticism is conscientious, there are few who could complain of it. Nonetheless, its special impact remains.

How is this dualistic conception of cinema a distortion? Most importantly and most fundamentally, it implies that the film "exists" in the creative process. Now this is a viable ontology, but we should quickly recognize that it is off center when we compare criticism of other arts to it. There have been excellent literary studies in the process of writing, but these do not constitute the norm. Nearly all literary criticism deals with the piece as it is read. An analogous film criticism, that is, one which would assume the artwork to "exist" only as perceived on the screen, would change our conception of the art. Let us sketch how this would work.

A revamped vocabulary would be necessary for such criticism. Terms which refer to technical functions would have to be altered to describe the resulting phenomena. All discussion of "camera" movements would be dropped. Rather we would discuss objects as they move on the screen or the screen (as window or point of view) as it moves about an object. The camera does no focus-in; rather an object emerges into focus. And of course in a static shot, one would never discuss "camera angle," but rather simply the "viewpoint". Indeed a thorough-going study of a static shot would merely discuss "composition" in its largest aspects.

These examples might be taken for quibbling if they did not form an attitude toward the art the consequences of which are rather large. We have imbued in ourselves the notion that what we see on the screen is a replica of a technical process, and it is in the technical process that the film really has life. Perhaps the most serious example of this conception of the art is our understanding of the "the shot". The shot has been almost universally defined as one uninterrupted recording by the camera or microphone. Hence a "shot by shot" analysis generally involves listing each camera alteration. The critic counts the shots by identifying the visible seams. He names these: "cut", "dissolve", "fadeout/fadein". This definition has two advantages. One, it corresponds to the scenario. Two, a shot can be recognized as easily as a word. There is a suspicion in my mind that this conception is the outgrowth of the horrible analogy early critics made between visual and verbal particles. In any case, although a change in camera position or attitude invariably brings about a new "shot", it is not the sole determinant for the shot. Every major change in the visual fact(s) on the screen constitutes a change in shot. Hence an uninterrupted camera take may consist of two or more shots. For example, imagine a shot of a cigarette box on a table. Suddenly a hand reaches in and grabs the cigarette box. We have two shots. If the camera pans to the man lighting a cigarette, we have added another shot. Each time the eye is attracted by a new element, in a major sense, the shot has been changed to a new shot. This definition does not discount mobile viewpoints and consequently may make shot enumeration often difficult, but it has the advantage of being spectator-orientated.

Now this emphasis on the film as perceived might have at least two important consequences, both in the area of technique. A definition of shot and viewpoint which stresses "the screen" provides for far more subtlety in technique. No longer must a filmmaker think of rhythm merely in terms of cutting. The broader definition would call rhythm any articulation by syntactic change, wherein syntactic change would refer to the processes by which the spectator's eye is led to refocus. Tempos could be conceived of in terms of multi-syntactical possibilities, including both static and mobile constituents. To be sure, we have examples of such tempos in existing films; this broader definition, however, would force the filmmaker to think in such a way that he would not lapse into conceiving of tempo as a process added to film in the editing room.

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artforum 2021

All of the foregoing leads to a final consequence. The critical thinking which has focused on the process of filmmaking may have produced a style of film which had its zenith in the Russian montage school and which has affected virtually every conventional film to this day. To think of a film as a collection of shots in the technical sense is to think of a film as an entity which is built. It is to conceive of film as "existing in the camera" (as Bazin implies), as an ordered set of defineable symbols. The spectator "reads" first the nature of the sign (man, mob, tree, etc.) and then he reads the artist's view toward this mainly via angle, lighting, and rhythm.

At its best, this conception of cinema has produced some remarkable films. At its most extreme (in the **General Line**, or the editing fiasco which concludes King Vidor's **Our Daily Bread**), it draws attention to its limitations. And limitation must be its lot. A hyphenated view of film, a view which is based on the hyphenated process through which films are made, is limited to particular products which are themselves doomed to obsolescence.

And here André Bazin must have the final word. If we watch Murnau less self-consciously, less condescendingly than we do Eisenstein (and this, to be sure, we do), it is because Murnau felt the integrity of the space he was filming. Eisenstein attained cinematic statement; Murnau, cinematic flow. The fragmentation which characterized Eisenstein's films needs no pointing out; each shot is measured not for itself or its own rhythm but for its part in the rhythm of the whole, a rhythm which can exist only within the camera. Murnau on the other hand, eliminated titles in a gesture which epitomized his whole approach. His camera motions (to compare his creative process with that of the Russian) contain may shots within them. They are unpredictable and continually stimulating in themselves. They are the result of a concentration of the *projected* film, not the *built* film.

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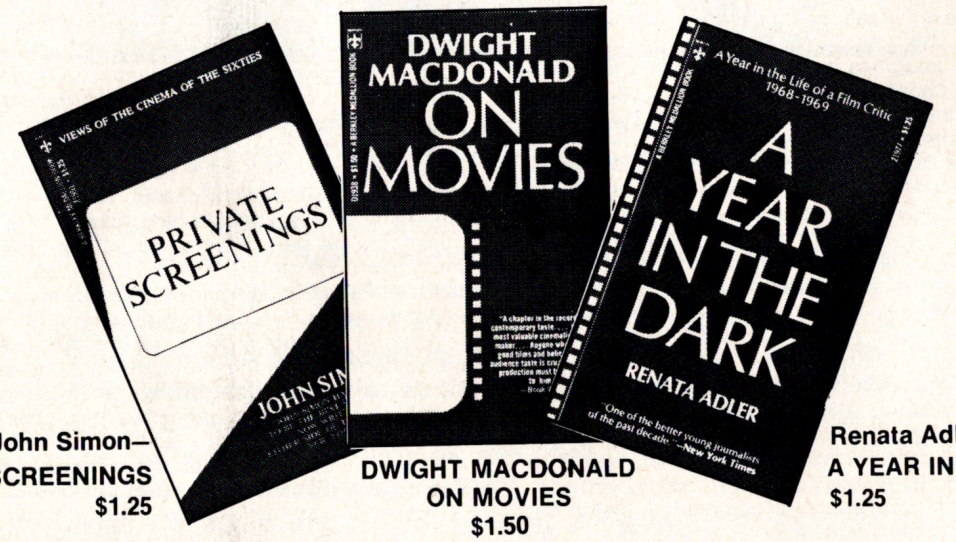
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A LITTLE GRACE TO MOVE ON THROUGH

by Greil Marcus

Lange had promised to work late but he wasn't in the mood. These obits were getting him down. After three hours at the typewriter all he had was a pile of notes on his desk and a wastebasket full of crumpled papers, each containing a sorry phrase that limped neatly toward profundity. He decided to look at the file.

"***Death, Airplane:*** Holly, Buddy . . . Redding, Otis . . . Richardson, J.P. . . . Valens, Ritchie . . ." Those were the easy ones. Familiar. "Cut down in the prime of life . . . tragic loss . . . never to be forgotten . . ." And morally immaculate. Ethically neutral. Lange had no use for clean myths.

"***Death, Angels:*** Hunter, Meredith . . ." Hard to get a focus on that one. What kind of life was he cut down in the prime of? Lange didn't have the slightest idea. "The spirit of Altamont," he thought to himself. *The Spirit of Altamont.* It sounded too much like an airplane and he decided not to use it.

"***Death, Automobile:*** Cochran, Eddie . . . Fuller, Bobby (there was a footnote. Lange looked it up. "Murder," it said) . . . Kidd, Johnny . . ."

"***Death, Motel:*** Cooke, Sam . . ." Out of place in the file. Not surprising, since the file had been worked over so much lately. Lange pulled the card and placed it behind the next, thicker set.

"***Death, Drugs:*** Epstein, Brian . . . Hendrix, Jimi . . . Jones, Brian . . . Lymon, Frankie . . ." He didn't have a card for Janis Joplin. He hadn't written the story yet. He kept thinking about the stories he was going to have to write next month, about how many times he would have to stand the old clichés on their heads. He thought about the omissions in the file, the victims of "natural causes." They didn't bother with those here. Anyone can die of natural causes.

Even me, thought Lange. I'd better go to a movie.

Lange locked up and stepped out into the street and walked the three blocks to the Cinema Maudit. On the way he ran into Catherine Deneuve, who was off to the Cinema Lumière to see **Stolen Kisses** for the eighth time. "What are you going to see?" she asked Lange. **Memo From Turner**, he said. She'd never heard of it. Lange realized his mistake when he got to the theatre. **Performance.** He never got titles right. Catherine thought that was cute. Lange thought it was stupid.

The movie was extremely decadent. Lange wanted something so decadent he'd come out feeling vital and alive. It would have worked, except that the film ended with the death of a pop star. Lange felt like he was reading a card in the obits: "***Death, Gun :*** Ace, Johnny . . . Turner . . ." He thought of Catherine at the Lumière. There was some sort of death in that movie too. Very vague, silly, anguish easily erased. "When you take the sting out of death you take the sting out of life," he thought. A good line for a story. He'd use it.

Lange stayed in his seat while the projectionist started the film again. The orgy of decadence began to resolve itself into an austere kind of quest. Turner died when his career was up, that was evident. Three ghosts in an old building meet another dead man from the other side of town. Together they play trivial lifegames, the cross-town boy waiting for death and Turner looking for a death that will satisfy him. Those old Mississippi blues kept sneaking into the house along with the poison mushrooms. "You may bury my body, down by the

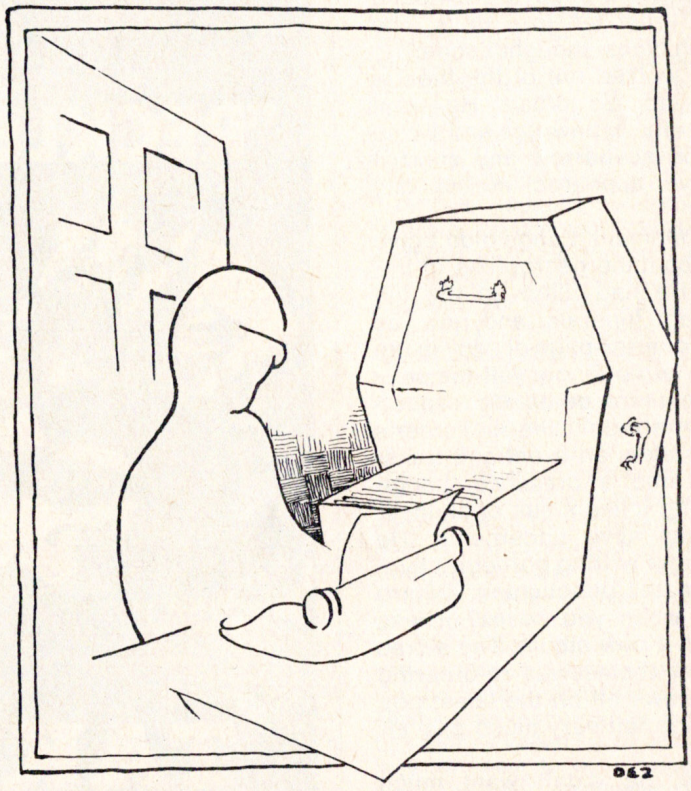

ILLUSTRATION BY DESMOND CLANCY

Greil Marcus wrote and edited *Rolling Stone's* record review section until he quit. He wrote/edited a book entitled "Rock and Roll Will Stand", and has just passed his Ph.D. orals in Political Science.

highway side, so my old evil spirit . . ." *Can get a greyhound bus and ride,* that was it. Searching through the old Mississippi blues like a Satanist edging open the pages of forbidden books. Lange forgot his obits; he felt very close to death.

Turner was going to die anyway, when his records stopped selling. So he made a deal with his demon—they kept talking about his demon—and took *that* death before his time in order to prepare for one that truly suited him. "I got stones in my passway, and my road seems dark as night . . . I got pains in my heart, they have taken my appetite." Turner was beginning to insinuate himself into the heart of that problem. It wasn't a matter of figuring out what it meant; he'd known that since he'd been a schoolboy. Now he was on the edge of uncovering the proper form of his despair. The demon was pushing him and Turner played the blues one step ahead. When the form had set, Turner would recognize it. Lange heard the long thin lines of the blues guitar from Mississippi. *Death! Death!* My road seems dark as night . . . until I get satisfied.

Turner didn't care whether English boys could play the blues. The question that interested him was whether they could die from them.

His demon wanted a greyhound bus and Turner left in a Rolls. The real British blues, thought Lange.

Lange walked out of the theatre and back to his office. He went straight to the typewriter and wrote out an obit so narrow and short it could have appeared in the city records.

At the moment, Lange didn't give a damn about the necrophilia of the obit file. He had filled up the file with elegant funerals, and now, as he put his quarter-page of copy in the copy-box, he no longer felt the sexy power of big-time death. He respected it, but he didn't like it. Turner's blues had taken an event and transformed it into a presence. Lange was wearing it like a suit of clothes, but he was alive underneath. He was no longer writing pornography.

Pop death: punctuation. Where were you when you heard? It was better than a new album. The stores fell all over themselves re-ordering when the news hit on the latest pop death. Lange felt very much past all that.

Outside, he didn't want much from the evening. Lange was beginning to recognize the stones in his own passway, and he needed a little grace to move on through. Robert Johnson Turner Johnson Robert.

Magic words, after a fashion.

Fall, 1969

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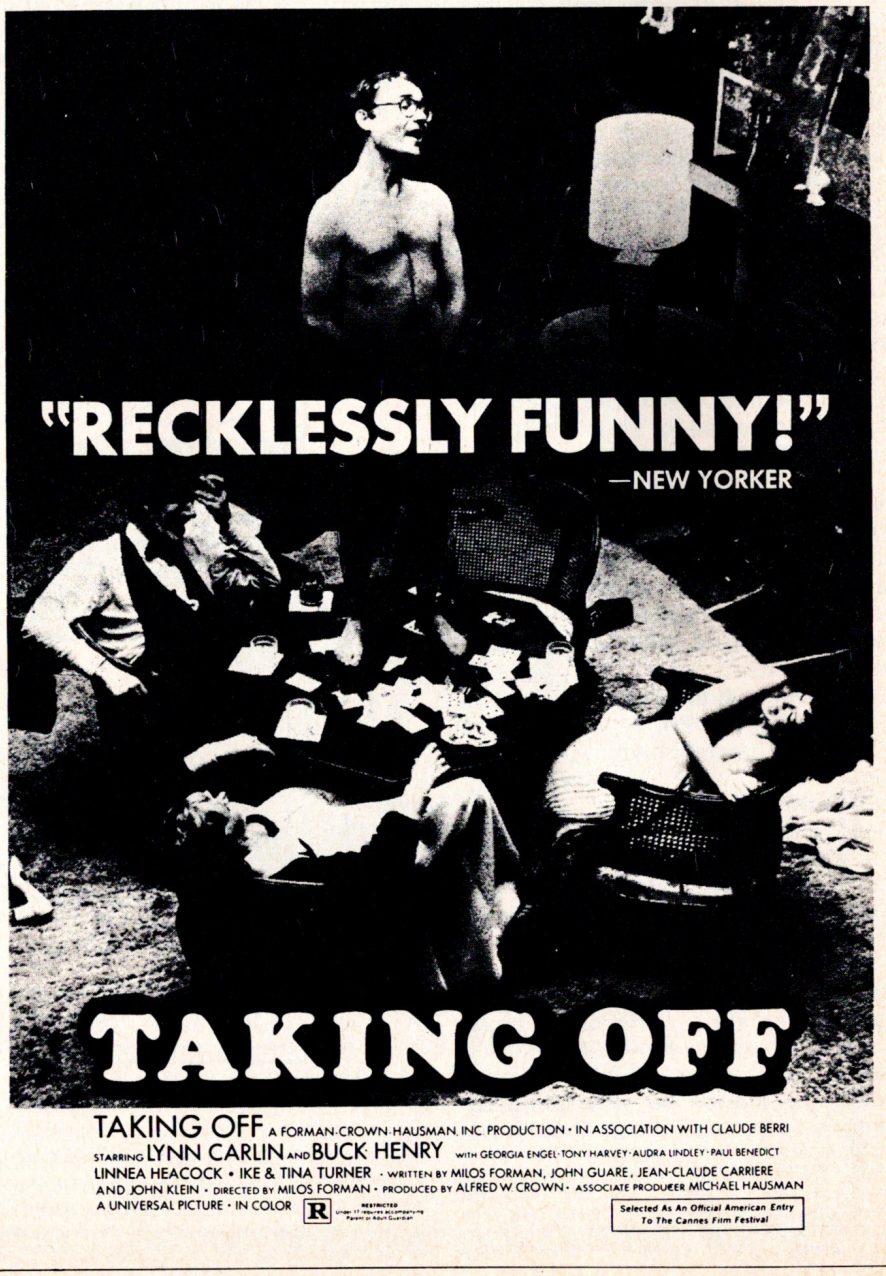
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La Hora de los Hornos

Political cinema turns off a lot of people —not only mass audiences, intent on Technicolor escapism, but even political activists. Significantly, one of the few facts on which right, left and middle are in agreement would seem to be that most political films are deadly boring, and confusing to boot. A wall slogan in the film department of the University of Toronto says it perfectly: "JANUARY 27, 1971—A VICTORY FOR REVOLUTIONARY CINEMA: I WALKED OUT OF **WIND FROM THE EAST**."

The wall slogan makes a valid, even crucial point: no matter how important a film may be, if an audience won't sit through it the film can have no political effect. So far, the only films to beat this seemingly built-in problem have been, like **Z** or **The Battle of Algiers,** constructed on the old Hollywood model of a melodramatic plot wherein the good guys (revolutionaries) fight it out with the bad guys (establishment forces). Audiences will sit through such a film, but the question can then be raised: what do they learn? Answer: usually not very much.

La Hora De Los Hornos (The Hour of the Furnaces), a new political film from Argentina, changes all that; in fact, it may well be the first wholly successful political film to be screened in the United States. It solves the problem of holding audience interest by evolving what amounts to a new filmic form: it is neither a fiction nor a documentary, but an audio-visual essay which presents theoretical analysis and concrete examples side by side. The formal construction of the film grows so organically out of the filmmakers' ideology that, in the end, it's impossible to separate form from content; finally, we have a political film that stakes out new aesthetic ground.

Neither sloganizing nor simplistic, **Hour of the Furnaces** is really a teaching machine: it offers us a crash course in the techniques of cultural and economic oppression in Latin America. But the film is far more than a dry, theoretical study: it involves us completely. Marco Bellocchio, an Italian filmmaker, has said, "It's not a film, it's a gun," and his implication that the film constitutes a political *act* is entirely correct. We are not allowed to remain mere spectators—we are drawn into the film and made active participants.

Is this "entertaining?" In the most important sense of the word, you bet it is! Bertolt Brecht, one of the fathers of art-as-politics, and its greatest theoretician, spoke of the joy, the "entertainment value" inherant in the act of learning. **Furnaces** proves him right—it's an absolutely fascinating, gripping film, that works perfectly on every level.

Filmmakers Fernando Solanas and Octavio Getino have all the options of modern movie making at their fingertips, and they use them brilliantly. In the past, it has been necessary to make critical allowances for films that, while politically powerful, left something to be desired in terms of cinema. Here, this contradiction has been resolved; **Hour of the Furnaces** is a film against which all future attempts at ideological filmmaking will be measured. It is tremendously important, and tremendously exciting.

Made nearly four years ago, the film has been acclaimed as a masterpiece in every country where it's been shown. Except Argentina, of course: attempts to distribute it in that country have been met with police action, arrests, confiscation of film and projectors. The fact that Argentine authorities consider the film to be so dangerous may be seen as a good indication of its effectiveness.

It would be misleading to say that **Hour of the Furnaces** will be well-received by every audience. In fact, comments from audiences in the Bay Area have been quite mixed, ranging from cheers on the one hand to people walking out on the other. Still, this is to be expected. I'm tempted to generalize so far as this: there are people whose commitment to revolution (or meaningful change, if the term "revolution" offends you) extends to an occasional protest march or petition, and no further. These people will find **Hour of the Furnaces** a bit too pragmatic for their taste. But if your trip includes taking action, **Hour of the Furnaces** is simply essential viewing; it is a film that will change the way you think, and the way you live.

Hour of the Furnaces can be rented in 16mm from the Third World Cinema Group, 2121 Browning St., Berkeley, California 94702.

Michael Goodwin

Michael Goodwin is the new Associate Editor of *Take One*.

Maidstone

A Norman Mailer release and production. 1970. Colour (16mm). 117 min. Director: Norman Mailer. Photography: D.A. Pennebaker, Richard Leacock, others. Editors: Jan Wyts, Lana Jukal, others.

In his latest film, **Maidstone**, Norman Mailer uses the Warhol trick of assembling crazy people and then exploiting their poetry and delusions of themselves (which is really their poetry). Mailer assembled them on an estate on Long Island last summer along with at least five roving camera crews and infinite rolls of film. Among the cameramen were Ricky Leacock, D.A. Pennebaker, Nick Proferas, Jim Desmond and Jan Welt. The camera crews were given no definite assignment, but were at the disposal of any person or group who had something they wanted filmed. (And there were some pretty strange requests. A publisher wanted one of the cameramen to film him (the publisher) making love with the cameraman's girlfriend. The cameraman said no.)

The general lines of action were drawn by Mailer himself; but the specifics were supplied by his funny, imaginative and sometimes painfully vulnerable guests. Mailer provided three main plots as themes on which to hang events. There was "the assassination plot". The assassination plot began before filming started with Mailer assigning all guests to pro or anti assassination camps. Supposedly, the groups were to form plots and counterplots in a James Bond-type imitation of international intrique. None of this is explained in the film, nor is the assassination target made explicit. But it is clear that Mailer wanted to become the only assassination victim in history with the odd privilege of directing his own assassination.

Then there was also a fake movie being made within the real film. The fake film concerned an all-male whorehouse that was to be visited by women. Norman was the director. The third plot—a purely political one—had Mailer running for no less than President of the United States. The one ingredient common to all the plots is megalomania.

Then the fun began. The film is divided into 12 episodes. I missed the first three and so can't comment on them. There is a scene of Mailer boxing. He keeps saying, "Go ahead. Punch me. Punch me." And there is a scene with Mailer and an ex-lover in which Mailer makes the telling point (which he calls a poem) —something to the effect "...I said that only one of us would come out of it (their relationship) beautiful". Mailer sits there, glossy, well-fed, well-publicized; while she, his ex-lover, is heavily made-up, gaunt, and nervous. It is quite clear who the "one" is.

I didn't much like the scenes in which Mailer is Presidential Candidate. But the episodes involving the fake movie were particularly intriguing. There is a quick succession of interviews between hopeful girls trying out for the parts of whorehouse clients (remember it is a male whorehouse, Women's Lib Fans) and Mailer. In one of these flash episodes, Mailer kisses the girl and withdraws stating, "No. We were never meant to kiss." The girl blushes. "Wait. My mouth was dry." and obligingly hurries off to get a drink. When they try again, the camera is in a tight close-up of the kiss. It then slowly pulls back into a full-length shot to reveal that Mailer has her skirt up and pants down. And so it goes. The real clincher scene, however, is the assassination scene. Naturally, the group was too diffuse and stoned to have pulled off anything as organized as the assassination plot as called for by Mailer—in fact, they all seem to have forgotten it. But Rip Torn (star of **Coming Apart**), in a manner true to Art, attempts the assassination of Mailer single-handedly with a hammer. This was after Mailer had officially considered the filming finished. Pennebaker, forewarned by Torn, filmed it. It is said that Mailer did not speak to Torn or Pennebaker for months after that final scene.

Susan Woll is a psychological researcher in Cambridge, Mass.

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The film is one long, sprawling in-joke. It has a certain cocky vitality and bad taste characteristic of its star, and a lot of good-humored decadence contributed by the supporting cast, to recommend it. There are also some dull stretches which are probably interesting only to those who are in the joke. The film is, I think, the way Mailer would like life to be: totally directed by him as omnipotent and benevolent god, but with a few surprises left in it for kicks.

Susan Woll

claire's knee

Produced by Les Films du Losange-Pierre Cottrell. 1970. Eastmancolor. 105 min. Director: Eric Rohmer. Screenplay: Eric Rohmer. Photography: Nestor Almendros. Sound: Jean-Pierre Run. Cast: Jean-Claude Brialy, Béatrice Romand, Aurora Cornu, Laurence de Monaghan, Michèle Montel, Gérard Falconetti, Fabrice Luchini. Distribution: Columbia.

Everyone agrees that movies are, at last, intellectually respectable, but the hit that **Ma Nuit Chez Maud** scored with highbrows makes you wonder. It is as though they really doubted whether the cinema has very much to offer the mind, so that when Eric Rohmer flashed his intelligence at them they were instantly seduced. I mean, how often do you hear characters in a movie discussing Pascal and Marx? Rohmer's ploy in **Le Genou de Claire** is more subtle: the moviegoer who knows his French literature is flattered to find he can refer situations in the film back to Laclos and Stendhal. Meanwhile, as in **Maud**, he is subjected to a relentless flow of screen conversation that sounds brilliant but has about as much substance as candy floss.

If even French intellectuals mistake Rohmer's films for art instead of Parisian cultural commodities à la Françoise Sagan, it is because, like Miss Sagan, Rohmer exploits the French love of classicism. Given the anatomy-school approach to sex in today's cinema, it was easy to hail Rohmer's *pudeur* in having Jean-Louis Trintignant reject Françoise Fabian's advances and overlook the fact that Trintignant was boorish to do so. But Rohmer's main tactic is to revive the exhausted tradition of endless psychological self-analysis, a tradition that is, of course, completely bourgeois: people who work for a living don't have time to sit around dissecting their souls. It was clear from **Maud**'s success in 1969 on the Champs-Elysées that those pundits who predicted France would never be the same after the May troubles had been a little hasty.

The crux of **Le Genou de Claire** is once again an act of sexual self-denial. Jean-Claude Brialy, a playboy type holidaying alone at Annecy before going to Stockholm to get married, is egged on by a woman writer friend to have a final bachelor fling with the 16-year-old daughter of a friend of hers. Brialy agrees, and makes considerable progress with the girl, but suddenly finds himself attracted instead to her elder sister, Claire. He decides, for some reason, that Claire's weak spot is her knee, and that if he can only succeed in putting his hand on it, he will be able to overcome any subsequent resistance. In the film's climactic scene, he does indeed gain possession of the knee, having first reduced Claire to tears by informing her that her boy friend has been chatting up another girl. But the knee proves satisfying enough in itself, and Brialy goes no further. Later he explains to the lady writer the reasons for his renunciation, but a combination of boredom and a temperamental ear for French prevented my catching them.

The more I think about this film, the sillier it seems, but I should add that the style is far superior to the content. There is, for instance, a July 14 dance sequence that conveys remarkably well the feeling of what it's like to be on a dance floor, any dance floor, and there is also some fine photography, free from travelogue aestheticism, of the local lake and mountains (As with **Maud**, the cameraman is Nestor Almendros, who also photographed **More, The Wild Child** and **Bed and Board**). On the acting side, Brialy is less irritating than usual, in fact, he isn't half bad, partly because most of the others in the cast are, literally, amateurs. One who is not, and of whom we shall doubtless see more, is Béatrice Romand, who plays the kid sister. Whatever she may be like in a few years' time, right now she's a dream straight out of Nabokov.

Geoffrey Minish

Geoffrey Minish is *Take One's* Paris correspondent.

zachariah

An ABC Pictures Corp. Presentation; A George Englund Production. 1970. Colour. 92 min. Producer: Lawrence Kubik. Director: George Englund. Screenplay: Firesign Theatre and Joe Massot, from an original story by Massot. Photography: Milton Krasner. Cast: John Rubinstein, Patricia Quinn, Don Johnson, Country Joe and the Fish, Doug Kershaw, The James Gang, White Lightnin', William Challee, The New York Rock Ensemble.

Despite the producer's claims—the "first Electric Western"—**Zachariah** is something really a lot less novel and innovative. Basically, it is a glorified "youth movie," resembling a hip older cousin to those Monkee epics from our collective primeval past. The spirit of the defunct Monkees, and all those other legions of youth-oriented Beach Party, Drive-in celluloid fairytales, hangs over this film. Underneath the fashionable embroidery, it is all there: in the juvenile pseudo-wit of the screenplay, in the slick TV method of presentation, and above all, in its sectarian atmosphere of youthful antic camaraderie. But the producer knows his audience and has revised the formula to current fashion. This

Tim Bay is a New York-based free lance writer, and also a student at the New School for Social Research.

time, drugs, hip jargon, and hardrock music are pasted on, and for those who have recently taken to reading Kahlil Gibran in search of life's meaning, the screenplay is filled with underlining "deep significance". What it amounts to is an updated version of **Butch Cassidy** angled for fifteen-year-old hippies.

Naturally, the plot scaffolding is that of a parable; this supporting structure however is made of pure tinsel. The improbable setting is some weird Wild West where the characters dress in Western costume and follow Hollywood Western conventions, yet talk in hip shorthand and are surrounded by Rock musicians. It is the story of a Quest. The hero, Zachariah, sets out on his education of life. He starts out with a sidekick, Matthew, another long-haired gun-fighter and pothead. By the code of the world around them, their ultimate destination in life lies in becoming the number one gunfighter; obviously by the end, the two boys will be forced into a confrontation to see who will be top in the gunfighter hierarchy. Without giving anything away, it turns out to be a "heartwarming" ending, with an upbeat renunciation of violence.

To emphasize the symbolic, artificial nature of the Quest, the same obvious false front basic set is used throughout. This is a good money-saving device, but in this particular symbolic context, it has all the sublety of a flying medicine ball. Against the sparse set, there are flat colorful stylized setpieces, giving the film the effect of a Pop Art morality play, an effect enhanced by the biblical names of the characters. But the form and message of this hybrid film is on the level of a children's book. Unfortunately the filmmakers seem to have taken their material with great seriousness, trying to elevate a potentially harmless product for mass entertainment to the status of a work of art. The moralism is heavy-handed and the attempts at whimsy are clubfooted, but unforgivably the whole rhythm and structure itself is poor. The episodes just seem to dissipate into tired climaxes, and the whole film moves at a dull predictable pace. The slickness is only superficial, warmed over T.V. technique. Above all, it is a self-indulgent movie. Its open-ended form provides a convenient camouflage for the director's inability to shape and organize his material.

Along the way a lot of good musical talent is wasted. Country Joe and the Fish appear as themselves, in transparent masquerade as Western outlaws; fortunately we hear a couple of their songs, including a really fine number by Fish Barry Melton. The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble is on hand, giving the film a much needed element of class. I will pass mercifully over most of the acting. Of the two main characters, Zachariah (John Rubinstein) and Matthew (Don Johnson), at least Don Johnson gave an indication that he has talent. However there is one real actor in the film, and it shows. William Challee plays a grizzled old hermit, a combination of Thoreau and Walter Brennan, whose mere presence is meant to embody simple earthiness and the suggestion of eternal verities. Of course our watchful filmmaker significantly called this character "Old Man." Anyway, this old gent is a kind of avatar for our hero, teaching him that the pure good life is found in living within the land and the elements. This is a heavy message, but Challee miraculously redeems this silly role by the powerful weight of his acting ability. (**In Five Easy Pieces**, Challee provided the small but luminous portrayal of the dying father.)

Rex Reed, talking about **Ryan's Daughter**, suggested that every young filmmaker should see that movie in order to see real craftsmanship at work. It sounds like an extravagant suggestion; however I do think that somebody should take up a collection for the makers of this movie. With the money raised, they should buy a season's ticket to a decent movie theatre for the producer and company. The hope is that eventually they might learn something about filmmaking.

Tim Bay

el topo

Alexandro Jodorowsky's **El Topo** is one of those rare films whose net impact is not only more than the sum of its parts but a positive multiplication of them. Filmed in Chile with a native cast, **El Topo** (The Mole) contains obvious elements reminiscent of other films and film-makers, but its total effect easily surpasses all it borrows from. The gory, tightlipped style of Sergio Leone's Eastwood-Van Cleef epics, the misshapen freaks and fetishists of Bunuel, the circus horror of Fellini, the most extensive use of actual freaks since Tod Browning's **Freaks**, and the highly stylized folk rituals of Glauber Rocha's **Antonio Das Mortes** are all present. It is this last film that **El Topo** most closely resembles in its strict, symbolic role-playing, abundant theatricality, apocalyptic final shoot-out, and the gradual conversion of its grim killer-hero. I cite these elements only in an attempt to find some kind of ground from which to describe, even superficially, this amazing film. In the fist-like strength of its penetrating powers, it resembles no other recent film that I can think of.

El Topo is only the second film made by actor-scenarist-director Alexandro Jodorowsky (the first, **Fando and Lis**, had a brief New York run) and has a loose Biblical structure successfully transplanted to the 19th century American Southwest. Divided into five major episodes, with titled still drawings serving as continuity bridges, each episode follows gunman El Topo (played by Jodorowsky) through his warrior and other phases, tracing the violent and painstaking steps along his journey to The Light. "The lower you fall, the higher you go," one of four desert "masters" tells The Mole, the underground animal in constant search of a Sun that can only blind him and who grows only through the exhilarating degradation of constant combat. His confrontations with each of the masters comprise some of the most powerful segments of the film.

Although adhering to many of the classical, even clichéd, elements of the Hollywood western (including the parallel plot of the son on a life-long mission to destroy the father who abandoned him), Jodorowsky's film is an original, violently stated tour through the twisted catacombs of human cruelty. Bloodier by far than any of Leone's Italian epics and more graphic and liberal in the use of flying blood pellets than Peckinpah's **The Wild Bunch, El Topo** includes a staggering number of vile tortures, brutal killings, flagellations, castrations, brandings, and humiliations on every physical emotional, sexual, and psychic level imaginable. His one-dimensional caricature of a western town gone the way of the golden calf is all the more terrifying for its flat, gaudy depiction. Greed, slavery, cruelty, vice and bogus religiousity rule its grotesque inhabitants, who harbor among them a male-voiced leader of the local Women's Decency League, a sadistic homosexual sheriff and deputy, a drunken priest, slave-traders, and the like. The sketch is far from subtle but is effective nonetheless.

El Topo's strength lies not in its story line but in its feverish relentlessness, its Grand Guignol dreamscape, and its richly perverse characterizations rivaling any ever documented by Krafft-Ebbing. Jodorowsky fills in the sexual and idiosyncratic details always implied but rarely explored in the presentation of stock psychotic characters. Here bandits literally grovel like dogs before their master, playfully torment a group of Franciscan brothers, devote themselves to a variety of sexual fetishes, and feast off the pain they casually inflict on others. Jodorowsky, as El Topo, is the only character permitted to undergo rigorous personality transformations, particularly when he becomes first the God, then the selfless champion, of a community of deformed outcasts (the banished products of generations of inbreeding among the townspeople) who live in the hollow of a nearby mountain, awaiting deliverance.

Jodorowsky has an extensive theater background (he heads a Chilean troupe many of whose members appear in the film) and the stylized, theatrical performances bear witness to this background. His own performance is flawless—both as the silent, violent gunman and the humble, sackclothed man of the Downtrodden—his dialogue sparse and tight, the color photography sharp, clear, and shorn of gimmickry. Jodorowsky had a hand in the composition of the music, too, which is eclectic (including religious, honky tonk, and Western Epic tracks) and always appropriate.

Thus far **El Topo** has only been able to secure two weeks of midnight screenings at New York's Elgin theatre. No general release has been set; a criminal act considering some of the garbage that's been strewn about movie houses of late. Go see **El Topo**, if and when and as soon as you can.

Joe Kane

Joe Kane is a New York free lance writer.

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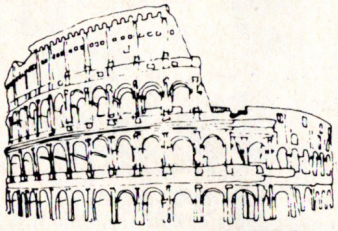

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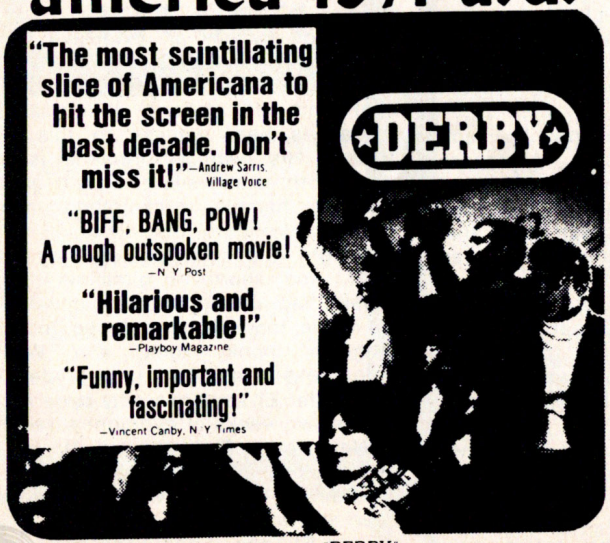

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LE CERCLE ROUGE

Produced by Corona-Selenia. 1970. Eastmancolor. 150 min. Director and screenplay: Jean-Pierre Melville. Photography: Henri Decae. Cast: Alain Delon, Bourvil, Yves Montand, Gian Maria Volonte, François Périer, Paul Crauchet, André Ekyan.

Although police in France give the impression of being accountable to no-one, they are themselves under police supervision, intramurally. In **Le Cercle Rouge**, after a suspected amateur hoodlum (Gian Maria Volonte) escapes from the custody of Superintendent Mattei (Bourvil) while en route to Paris, Mattei is summoned by the Inspector-General of the house police and chided for not keeping closer watch on a dangerous man. Mattei replies that to be under arrest is not proof of guilt. That's where you're wrong, says the Inspector-General: *everybody* is guilty. Now go and find him.

Mattei begins mobilising informers, without whom, he remarks, no police force can operate. Volonte, meanwhile, links up with a professional hoodlum (Alain Delon) and an ex-police sharpshooter (Yves Montand), the latter an alcoholic afflicted with the gaudiest DTs this side of **The Lost Weekend**. Outwitting a seemingly impenetrable alarm system, the trio burgle a jeweller's in the Place Vendôme. Mattei soldiers on: to force a crony of Volonte's to betray him, he has the man's teenage son pulled in on a drug charge. A trap is set, but things get out of hand and there is gunplay in which Delon, Montand and Volonte are killed. Sickened by the bloodshed and his responsibility for it, Mattei walks away from the scene of the shooting and encounters the Inspector-General: "I told you, Mattei—everybody is guilty."

The film's title refers to a piece of Buddhist mystification about fatality, but Jean-Pierre Melville, working for the first time from an original screenplay of his own, must know that fatality is implicit in any fictional narrative: it is the author himself who arranges appointments in Samarra. We can also assume that Melville doesn't take the Inspector-General's thesis too seriously. (As Ernst von Salomon remarked apropos the charge of collective German responsibility for Hitler, "everybody is guilty" means everybody is innocent). Anyway, if Melville does believe it, his demonstration is forced. Would a policeman of Mattei's experience require the death of three thugs to bring home to him how dirty his job is?. How many cops, even in countries where the law is less punitive than in France, accept the principle of innocence until guilt is proven?

Mattei is more convincing as a symbol, a specimen of the liberal in a position of power. It is instructive to compare him with the gangster portrayed by Lino Ventura in **Le Deuxième Souffle**. The Ventura character was a professional killer, but he did have a certain code of honor, which simultaneously destroyed and redeemed him. Mattei, in contrast, is a nice guy who acts dishonorably to achieve his ends, which happen to be those of established society. When the damage is done and it is too late, he is aghast. There is no question of redemption. Melville is romantic about gangsters, not cops.

Stylistically, however, **Le Cercle Rouge** displays Melville's customary classical purity. An art-movie approach to a gangster theme can, of course, be insufferable—for instance, Losey's **The Criminals**—but Melville, unlike Losey, isn't out to impress us with what a great, sensitive artist he is, and he doesn't feel superior to the genre. The version here of that tritest of set-pieces, the Rififi-style burglary, is so exciting it's like being back at a Saturday matinée. The crux of the operation involves Montand, the alcoholic marksman, shooting a specially-cast bullet into a socket that controls the alarm system. Montand, who for the sake of the job has forced himself on to the wagon, sets up his rifle on a shoulder-high tripod, takes preliminary aim, then swings his rifle up off the tripod and scores the bullseye unaided. A man has to prove himself, etc.

The Montand character is the most sympathetic in the film, or at any rate, the least unsympathetic, and Montand fills the role well enough by wearing his familiar mask of anxiety, lightened toward the end by a flash of the sleepy charm he wasn't quite able to manage with Barbra Streisand. His dying words to Mattei are the film's real, as opposed to ostensible, message: "Alors, toujours aussi con, la police..." Delon, the brains of the jewel robbery, performs with virtually no expression at all. Melville likes his actors deadpan, and Delon is certainly more credible that way than when he is trying to act. Volonte, presumably hired for the sake of the Italian market, is wasted in a role any merely competent actor could have filled. However, Melville's choice of Bourvil to play Mattei was brilliant casting against type. Bourvil, who died shortly before the film was released, was one of France's best-loved comedians, off stage as well as on. The personal decency he brings to the role underlines just how tragic is the split between Mattei's aspirations and his actions.

Geoffrey Minish

MADELEINE IS...

An Alliance Film Distribution Ltd. release; A Spring Releases and Glen-Warren Production. Producer: Kenneth S. Specht. Director: Sylvia Spring. Screenplay: Sylvia Spring and Kenneth S. Specht. Photography: Doug McKay. Sound: Don Young. Music: Ross Barrett. Cast: Nicola Lipman, John Juliani, Wayne Specht, Gordon Robertson, Ronald Ulrich.

Madeleine is... died after exactly one week at Toronto's New Yorker Cinema, where Shebib's **Goin' Down the Road** played for nineteen weeks. **Madeleine is**... had a number of factors working hard against it. The title is bad enough for a start, the radio campaign sucked, the newspaper reviews were terrible, the music was thin and amateurish—in fact, nearly all technical matters were bungled. Besides that, there was script trouble. The movie seems to be something of a whimsy, but understanding that doesn't overcome the political and psychological naivity, which at times is downright embarrassing. An example is the quasi-hippie-revolutionary, who makes speeches about the necessity to mold people even if you have to treat them like objects, and who brandishes a hammer at Madeleine and her fantasy friend and forces them to drink acid-laced wine.

There's also The Woman Question. **Madeleine is**... begins with a letter from her father about their parting, juxtaposed with some models setting up for a fashion show that Madeleine has designed (very successfully, we're told later—everybody's buying). Thus Madeleine rebels against one traditional woman's role (living with Toro, the hippie-revolutionary, supports her rejection of the usual father-husband/daughter-wife relationship), while accepting her part in the oppression of women through fashion/consumerism. Later on, presumably, she gets out of this when she becomes recognized as an artist with her own exhibition, and when, with the help of group therapy, she comes to recognize that her fantasy-friend/clown is herself. But her development as a woman in particular is so understated that I began to wonder if the film was really conscious of it. Her recognition of the clown, who throughout the film has been beckoning to her across rocky and watery barriers, and whom she finally discovers to be herself, is presented as a solution, rather than as an indication of new possibilities, and perhaps new problems, in psychological, political, and sexual relationships. In the press release that I got, there's the same sort of half-consciousness in the blurb that Spring wrote. She's aware of the attitudes that deprecate her accomplishment as impressive "especially for a woman", but she's at pains to show that it's "natural" for a woman to create, and describes the process of making the film in terms of "giving birth"—I guess to make sure we don't think it's unfeminine.

Nevertheless, the film was better than the response it got. After all, the photography is no worse than in **Mad Dogs and Englishmen** and it's doing fine, and there are some speeches about political commitment in **The Pursuit of Happiness** (the Robert Mulligan film that replaced Spring's at the New Yorker) that are just as simplistic as anything in **Madeleine is**... Spring's film achieves something fairly difficult: it takes people of five varying social types (the confused young girl, the gawky straight young clerk, the power-mad revolutionary, the middle-class drop-out, and the poor old alcoholic) and never once treats them as stereotypes or without generousity. Even Toro is put down on highly principled grounds. There's a straightforward warmth to this film, and it seems to come from its direction. The camera looks straight at the actors (who are terrific, especially Nicola Lipman and Wayne Specht) with no glamorizing and no distortion. The hammer-and-acid scene is a good example of this, despite its melodramatics. As Madeleine and

David begin to get off on the acid, the camera just pulls in and shows us their expressions of their feelings—no simulated trips, no subjective shots, just us as close to them as they are to each other, and we begin to share their wonder. (The delightful surprise of this scene is that Madeleine and David's trip is lovely, rather than terrorizing as Toro had planned, and he has to slink off in ignominious defeat).

Sylvia Spring's vision is authentic and accepting. Whether the simplicity is a factor or a corollary of this I don't know, but I'm sure it's worth (in the terms of the film) opening yourself up to.

Kay Armatage

THE CROWD INSIDE

A National General Pictures Release; A January One Films Production. 1971. Color. Written, produced and directed by Albert S. Waxman. Cinematography: Harry Makin. Editor: Havelock Gradidge. Music: Herbie Helbig. Cast: Genevieve Deloir, Alan Dean, Patricia Collins, Larry Perkins, Jack Creley, Steve Weston.

As fast as Canadian film-makers make new films, Canadian critics pan them. The same critics who will call a film such as **Doctor's Wives** or **Dorian Gray** an "unintentional laugh riot" and **The Owl and The Pussycat** a "comedy classic," hang up their water pistols and take down the sawed-off shot-gun when it's time to review a Canadian film such as Sylvia Spring's **Madeleine Is**... or **The Crowd Inside.** They then proceed—in some of the most graceless writing on films to be printed anywhere—to deplore the deficiencies of a film's script, the weakness of the acting, or the fuzzy-mindedness of the directors. If it isn't fair to ask film reviewers to put a camera where their mouth is, and shoot a film themselves rather than just shooting off their buckshot advice in all directions, it is fair to ask why is their criticism so poor? so inconsistent? do they rule by articulate principles or just caprice? It may not be easy to be a toughminded critic but it's effortless to be insulting and polemical, giving us the form (but never the substance) of the late Nathen Cohen.

The Crowd Inside has its flaws, but I would rather spend two hours seeing it, and another two hours seeing it again, than spending the same time in the presence of most Canadian critics, whose own work (despite the fact that they try to give the impression they're the last defenders of the Western Intellectual Tradition) is in no way superior as literature, or journalism, than the films they haughtily judge. Film critics are a puzzling, pontifical lot: while complaining about "taste" and "lack of subtlety" they are frequently wanting in those qualities themselves. Most reviewers are little more than entertainment traffic cops. They point in one direction and thousands are advised to see **The Wild Child.** They hold up their hands (in mock horror) and try to block the flow of crowds intent upon seeing **Heads or Tails.** A reviewer isn't required to be compelling or stimulating in his ideas, merely authoritative in style. Everything from Antonioni to Zanuck is grist for his mill, reflecting less the catholicity of his interests, or the range of his tastes but simply—like a traffic cop—his talent for meeting people from all walks of life and telling them where to go.

The Crowd Inside, financed by Famous Players and the Canadian Film Development Corporation, is an authentic Canadian film. Authentic—as opposed to pseudo-Canadian films, visiting American productions, which treat the country simply as scenery, and which do not issue from the Canadian life experience, and have nothing to say about the country and its people. Like Gilles Carle's **Red, The Crowd Inside** is a near-relative of the Cinepix skin-flick (it is fashionable to disparage Cinepix—I've called their films "waist-high culture" for "cinepigs" but I expect Cinepix to take a few clouts on the snout in good humour rather than feel they're the victims of a puritanical put-down). Whereas Gilles Carle showed the influence of Luis Bunuel, Waxman shows the influence of Joseph Losey (particularly **The Servant** and **Secret Ceremony**) in depicting the relationships of four people in a Rosedale home, in which the house practically becomes a fifth character.

The Crowd Inside doesn't lack talent (it's easily superior to **The Buttercup Chain**, an English film with a similar theme) but it lacks what Kazantzakis's Zorba called "madness"—something audacious, obsessive, compelling, something to astonish us. In a scene where one of its characters David (Alan Dean) participates in making a stag movie with director Waxman himself playing the underground impresario in charge of the production, **The Crowd Inside** shows a sudden flair for satire. Had Waxman decided to make the "*good* dirty movie" that Marshall Delaney discussed in his *Saturday Night* article, "The Long Wait For Sexy Masterpieces" (May), the results may well have been superb—funny at least, if not erotic. In its technical credits, **The Crowd Inside** has the professional appearance of a film costing four or five times more than its modest, below-$300,000 budget. As a psychological probe of the relationships of four people (the principal roles are played by Genevieve Deloir, Larry Perkins, Patricia Collins and Alan Dean) **The Crowd Inside** adds little in original insights, but it is a valuable addition to Canadian films as dramatic entertainment; lightweight but well made, a diverting, off-beat film that deserves to be seen. While some Canadian critics will doubtless go on raving about **Where's Poppa?** and **The Owl and The Pussycat**—and other transparently insubstantial trash—a director such as Al Waxman is at least making an earnest effort to create a Canadian consciousness, and **The Crowd Inside** is an encouraging first feature in that direction.

John Hofsess

Genevieve Deloir, in *The Crowd Inside*

OVER- -looked & UNDER- -RATED

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes. Dir. Billy Wilder. Parisian critics can be pretty foolish at times, but unlike their U.S. confreres they have at least had the discrimination to recognize Wilder's latest as a masterpiece. Required viewing for anyone who believes Wilder is purely a dialogue man and has no eye. Unforgettable shots: Robert Stephens, a dandified Holmes, casually covering up the naked back of the sleeping Geneviève Page, and the final closeup of Miss Page,

unmasked as a German spy, signalling "Auf Wiedersehen!" to Holmes. Wilder has named her Ilse von Hofmannsthal, as if to remind us of the Viennese sensibility that has been there all along behind his urban American disenchantment.

Geoffrey Minish

Where's Poppa? If you like elaborate Jewish sick jokes (other than World War II), you'll love this film. Most critics thought it odious, and there's nothing that will get me to a theatre faster than that. George Segal's underplaying is a nice balance for Ruth Gordon's scenery eating.

The Sicilian Clan. I don't know anybody who saw this on purpose, but everybody who fell on it by accident had a splendid time. **The Godfather** without trappings. I don't know who Henri Verneuil is, but I'd certainly watch for his next film.

The Rain People. Speaking of **The Godfather**, Francis Ford Coppola got short shrift for his efforts on this film which, though it suffers some melodramatic overkill, is really worth seeing. Robert Duvall and Shirley Knight are splendid.

THX 1138. George Lucas is a colleague of Coppola's at American Zoetrope, where this film was produced. Lucas and his cameraman David Myer have created a society and a technology of the future using existing locations rather than constructing sets. The message is familiar but the massage is not. One of the few movies I have seen lately that is not too long.

Cold Turkey. For some reason, Yorkin-Lear movies have no snob appeal. A poodle gets kicked across the screen in this film. What more does a movie need to recommend itself?

Walkabout. This new Nicholas Roeg film hasn't been released yet, but it is the kind that gets overlooked when it is. Two kids and an aborigine in the Australian backlands. Roeg mixes natural beauty with civilized ugliness — both physical and psychological. Roeg co-directed **Performance** and was the cinematographer on **Far From the Madding Crowd, The Sundowners** and **Petulia.**

Susan Rice

Burn! Dir. Gillo Pontecorvo. Although buried by United Artists and ignored by the critics (an exception being Pauline Kael's sympathetic review in *The New Yorker*), Gillo Pontecorvo's **Burn** proves a worthy successor to his unforgettable **The Battle of Algiers.** The ambitious subject of colonialism is treated with an epic sweep that for once removes us from the depressing sameness of recent urban-centred dramas. Despite its strident Marxism, the film succeeds as entertainment because Pontecorvo has directed camera and cast with remarkable gusto. Ennio Morricone's anthem-like score and Marcello Gatti's sumptuous colour photography contribute to a spectacle both intelligent and exciting.

Howard Curle

VAN-COUVER LETTER

Film-making in Vancouver has for many years been a half-hearted myth perpetrated by the CBC: an over-generous invention simply because outside of that organization's documentaries there existed a wasteland. Yet within the past few years, from nothing a virtually unheralded activity has taken root, an explosion of activity which is providing an impressive foundation for a New Canadian Cinema.

While the emphasis of the Quebec cinema has been in the feature film, the Vancouver film-makers have developed a concise, imaginative, evocative and intense work, the highly personal/individual concentration permitted only in the short film. And headed by such film-makers as Dave Rimmer, Keith Rodan, Al Razutis, Gordon Fidler, Peter Bryant and many others, the evolution of a West Coast cinema has reached such a level of accomplishment that recognition is long over-due.

Even more so in the immediate present, for the active film-makers have had an opportunity to develop their first works and refine ideas and penetrate into new perspectives, with each new film. Such is the case with Dave Rimmer and his four latest films.

The first, called **Landscape,** is single-framed during 18 hours, dawn to dusk, from an unchanging camera position. Its drastic compression of time permits participation in a vision of the sculpture of land/water coming alive with otherwise imperceptible motion and colour fluxes. However, what is perhaps more important to this work is a positive force deriving from a negation.

For the film asks for a response: the contemplative attitude associated with nature, the aura of peace and the realm of tranquility inhabited by any person fortunate enough to restfully settle down on a deserted sea-shore. The film asks for relaxation, for thought, for dreams, for drifting, for humanity. . . Without pretensions, without theories or logic, it is a film, a *technological medium,* used to reach an audience which seems to more frequently insist upon the involvement and entertainment of technology, rather than the simple charms of a landscape. It is a film that requests the renouncing of concrete, the negation of fumes and electronic pulses for at least a few minutes, and, without being pompous, is a warm reminder to live.

Following are **The Dance** and **Surfacing on The Thames,** two works which, like **Landscape,** gain energy from a precise focus—the reduction to a basic—which exposes a previously unseen vision. **The Dance** is composed primarily of a loop of two dancers, rapidly careening around a dance floor in perfect step. The distant, unchanging repetition of the loop accentuates the ridiculous (and thus hilarious) aspects of their mesmerizing twirling patterns and synchromesh footwork. The result is an unbalancing comedy.

Surfacing on the Thames is, however, a more profound experiment. A frame-by-frame progression of a short clip revealing two ships passing on the Thames, this film denies normal time to emphasize a continuing motion. By expansion (the reverse of **Landscape**) Rimmer captures the illusion of the film medium, the twenty-four-frames-per-second fiction of motion: the breathing between each frame. Moreover, this film penetrates into the emulsion itself with its vivid and ever changing abrasions and scratches, and, through the denial of its 24fps reality, expounds on its own celluloid life.

But although Dave indicated to me that **Surfacing on the Thames** was his preferred film, I feel the ultimate progression of his four recent works is more completely contained in the last: **Variations on a Cellophane Wrapper.** Firstly, whereas **Landscape, The Dance** and **Surfacing** are intricate units which modulate only within very restricted limits, this last work follows a *process,* embracing the intuitive concepts of the previous three films but juxtaposing their ideas, feeling for relationships. It is an odyssey into subject, motion, colour, image, and medium. The breakdown of these intrinsically becomes a *constructive* power within a changed dimension, the division/manipulation of elements evolves an accentuated whole.

Commencing with an image-loop of a young woman shaking a large sheet of cellophane, Rimmer explores and re-arranges the inherent reality of image, motion and sound present in a piece of film. The film rips at visual and sound relationships. . . elicits positive and negative image and defines the tensions and motion between them. . . breaks down colour and reveals visual/emotive intensity in staccato bursts. . . sculpts darkness and light, and the contrast of spaces. Ultimately, as the image in motion links with the breaking of waves on a shore, the image of cinema arrives at a redefinition in two dimensions, linearity.

As ever in Rimmer's work beginning with **Landscape,** perhaps the greatest pleasure is in each film's (apparent) simplicity. **Variations on a Cellophane Wrapper,** for those closely involved with film-making, is an ecstatic experience, an intense and fulfilling moment. But perhaps more valid in some ways is the fact that the casual audience also can be engrossed in the absorbing simplicity and power of this film. It is for anyone a most beautiful initiation (and invitation) to the New Canadian Cinema and a fine artist.

Kirk Tougas

"The helplessness which one feels at a given moment—a helplessness which one should never consider total—neither excuses one from remaining true to oneself nor justifies surrender to the enemy, whatever disguise the enemy assumes. And whether it calls itself Fascism, democracy, or the dictatorship of the proletariat, the supreme enemy remains the administrative apparatus, be it civil or military. The true enemy is not the one in front of us, who is our enemy only insofar as he is the enemy of our brothers: the true enemy is the one who calls himself our defender and makes us his slaves. In no matter what circumstances, the worst betrayal is to consent to subordinate oneself to this administrative apparatus, and, in its service, to destroy, in oneself and in others all true human values."

—Simone Weil (1933)

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THE C.I.A.F.F. REPORT

The Canadian International Amateur Film Festival is indeed the most international competition I have seen this year, but if its entries are a clue to world amateur film directions, those directions are toward the conservative, conventional, and apolitical.

The largest single category was "scenario" (fiction), in which the winning film was **Ultima Pagina** (10 min., b&w, by Rolf Mandolesi, Italy), with expert but utterly traditional editing and a plot that scarcely looks at the contemporary world. In it a man gets locked in a railroad refrigerator car and by auto-suggestion "freezes" to death, even though the cooling system is out of order. The story cuts from the moving train to the man inside writing his last letter, to the loved ones at home, back to the moving train, etc.

Less tautly edited but still worth the certificate of special commendation it received in the teen-film (16 to 19 years) category was **O Parque** (15 min., b&w, by students of Maria José de Santa Ana Alvarez, Brazil), about a poor boy who works in various ways to make enough money to ride on a carnival merry-go-round, only to find the carnival breaking camp when he has the money.

This tendency to an ending-with-a-twist marked most of the narrative films. **Waxen Wedding** (22 min., b&w, by Jacques Péan, France) parallels a short film by Hitchcock in having the murderer bring the body home to hide it, "only to find" a surprise party awaiting him. **A Matter of Comparison** (11 min., color, by Bernard Michaels, USA) is an ingenious story of a ham radio operator excitedly directing a flying saucer to a landing on his front lawn, assuring the interplanetary visitors that no large bodies of water exist in the area (water being the one substance hostile to their mechanisms), then discovering that "large" means something different to them when he finds the smoking ruins of their spaceship in his birdbath.

The winner of the Canada Trophy as best film of the festival, as well as of first place in the humor division, was **Airplane Glue, I Love You** (21 min., b&w, by Howard Lester, USA), the sprightly narrative of a man re-taking the sixth grade. The Trophy decision was a minority one, with two judges favoring **Airplane Glue**, one preferring **Ultima Pagina**, and two convinced that no film merited the top award; and so the cup comes to Mr. Lester with a slight tarnish. Yet **Airplane Glue** showed probably the most success-

Edgar Daniels, a professor in the English Department of Bowling Green State University (Bowling Green, Ohio), served on the C.I.A.F.F. jury.

ful blending of non-sequential editing with conventional story-line of any film in the festival, and Lester's way of paring comic segments down to almost throw-away size is perhaps uniquely his own. The success of his comic timing is more evident before large audiences than in a small room with five judges soberly taking notes.

Of the twenty-nine films in the final judging, only about a half dozen touched more than incidentally upon social or political problems, and of these few, almost all were animations. The winner of the award for originality, **Tricycle** (3½ min., color, by Joyce Borenstein, Canada), was, according to its maker's own description, an effort to suggest symbolically that the wheel begins prettily but "evolves into the nightmare of mechanization." I confess that I wouldn't have known if I hadn't been told, but the film is beautiful, particularly in its first phase, and the merging of the wheel into distorted natural photography is very striking.

Cars (5½ min., b&w, by Hiroshi Takano, Japan) is more explicit on the same theme, with cutout cars multiplying into traffic jams. This film won first place in the teen-film (16 to 19 years) division.

One of the most neatly achieved of all the animations was **If It Itches** (3 min., color, by Ernie Thomsen, Canada), touching upon a sometimes-preoccupation of Canadians, the too-much-felt presence of the U.S. to the south of them. A little man repeatedly paints a representation of the Canadian flag, only to have it crept over each time by the stars and stripes. Finally he comes on-screen with an envelope, from which he extracts the red mapleleaf emblem and grins triumphantly —and his teeth are stars and stripes. This film received a certificate of special commendation.

First place in the animation category went to **Eurynome** (6½ min., color, by John Straiton, Canada), the most skillful clay animation that I have seen. According to an opening inscription, "She rose out of Chaos and coupled with the Serpent to make the universal Egg. Thence came all things." Chaos is a broad plane dotted with stones, and Eurynome is the most comely babe ever to pop out of a plasticine lump. Her "coupling" with the Serpent, augmented by open-mouthed gasps, might have been more tastefully left to the imagination. But the Egg, fortunately, appeared out of nowhere, and when it cracked, out poured everything, from the creepy-crawlies of the first age to the planes and rockets of what may be the last.

Another animation, **The Wad and the Worm** (3½ min., color, by Doug Smith, U.S.A.), was unanimously chosen for first place in the teen-film (under 16 years) division. Also in plasticine, it has a white "wad" trying unsuccessfully to ingest a pink worm. This film was also a contender for the general animation prize and for the best-of-festival award, a remarkable fact, considering that its maker is fifteen years old.

First place in documentaries was won by **A Particular Man** (8½ min., color, by William Lipper, USA), a portrait of an elderly violin-maker. A certificate of special commendation was given to **Costumes and Labour** (16½ min., color, by Fernand Bourgine, France), a study of a Portuguese fishing village. Both films combined clear, radiant photography with precise editing, the first having an edge perhaps in its intermingling of sepia-and-white photos with the color; the second, a little better in limiting its sound to the voices and natural sounds of the village.

No award was given in the natural sciences category, there being some serious reservation about each of the entries.

Edgar Daniels

LETTER FROM ALGERIA

Since Algeria held the first (1969) Pan-African cultural festival, it has become a centre in the attempt to strengthen the African art of the film. A permanent press centre has been founded in Algiers, and African films have been bought for common distribution and for the establishment of an African film museum. Another important result of the festival will, by all accounts, be the film of the festival made by the Frenchman, William Klein. It is a documentary film, shot by twelve units, then edited and cut by Klein, giving a picture of the festival which is much more complete than anybody could possibly have imagined.

To put a Frenchman on the job of making the festival film is characteristic of a sensible line in Algerian film politics. They are very much prepared to co-operate with other countries, especially France. One of the first Algerian co-productions was with Italy (Pontecorvo's **The Battle of Algiers,** a film which, moreover, is still forbidden in France), but apart from that the co-operation with France is very rewarding: The co-production **Z** obtained a prize at the Cannes festival, and even though it is rather audience-pandering it is a very impressive film. A film being finished at the moment, Ahmed Rachedi's **Thala** (see *Take One*, Vol.2, No.3) has Jean-Louis Trintignant in one of the major parts. Another Algerian-French co-production being edited is **Elise ou la vraie vie**. The director, Michel Drach, himself characterizes the film as a political film. It takes place in France between Frenchmen and Algerians.

The nationalisation of the film industry is as good as completed. The major part of the production comes from the great ONCIC, a smaller part from Actualités Algeriennes, which produces newsreels and informative films, together with some features. They are also working on monopolizing the distribution and throwing the large American distribution firms out of the country. Meanwhile, the repertoire in the nationalised cinemas has not changed. American B-films and Italian spaghetti-westerns.

An official account of Algerian film begins with the statement: "The Algerian film was born in the battle . . .", but the regrettable part is that the Algerian film, seven years after independence, is still suffering from the after-effects of this complicated birth. Apart from **Z**, all full-length pictures produced up to the present, (eight, plus two co-productions) have the War of Independence as a motif. The short-length pictures come in three categories: War of Independence films (of which some are cut from genuine documentary shooting from the war); exotic, picture-postcard tourist films; individual short films about a problem of current interest.

In 1966 several directors declared, in interviews, that this state of affairs would change very soon. Today they are saying the same thing.

The causes of this stagnation must be found partly in the fact that the government exercises both prior- and post-censorship and partly in the fact that it is very difficult for young film people to make anything. "Naturally the government does not give money to films they do not like", the managing director of Actualités Algeriennes said, "but we make them all the same". It sounds jaunty, but two such films have been forbidden after being finished. In 1964 a film school was opened, which was only allowed to function for two years. Maybe because the leader (imported from Poland) was not good enough. Maybe because the pupils made critical films that did not please the government. Maybe because the established directors "would rather teach the young people themselves". Each has his own answer to why the school was closed.

When Algerians are asked why only films about the War of Independence are still being made, they answer that it is due to the fact that it has been of such great significance to the people, and that it is important to popularize knowledge about it. Of course it would also be splendid if all the pictures showed the War of Independence in all its phases, analysed its outbreak and development and in fact were revolutionary. In doing so the films would also have great significance for other struggles for liberty in Africa. But the only film which, to a certain degree, answers to this description is **The Battle of Algiers** of 1966. And this film was not at the festival in Algiers—they did not like the film's neutral picture of the Frenchmen. In the rest of Algerian production, the Frenchmen appear either as foolish imbeciles or as brutal soldiers. On the other hand the Algerians are paragons of noble feelings, stoic, calm and intelligent.

As Algerian films are today, they are highly suitable for pacifying the people and strengthening their confidence. The films use melodramatic plots about in-

Danish correspondents Vibeke Pedersen and Viggo Holm Jensen are currently writing a book on cinema in the Third World.

dividual destinies. They are not content with the indignation which would arise from a simple description of actual conditions, but garnish it with dying women and crying children. The music is usually violent, melodramatic and sentimental. There are, as mentioned previously, films made about current problems in Algeria today, but these films have all been subject to one or another form of censorship. It's not always easy to see these films. When we asked to see the Algerian films at ONCIC, it was easy to see all the full-length films, but when we got to the short films, there was not much available but a number of tourist films. Several films which we had heard were interesting were either in some other country, had disappeared or were "not finished." However, it was possible to see some of these films at other places. The two most noteworthy are made by two young directors, who are both collaborators on Klein's festival film. One of the films is an interview-film with a number of high-school girls and a number of authorities, and is about women's situation in school, in marriage and in relation to religion. This film may not be shown to an ordinary cinema audience, only to special assemblies. The other film is a fiction story about the same subject, and has now, after a hard struggle with the censor, been completely released.

Viggo Holm Jensen
Vibeke Pedersen

THE ENDLESS MOVIE

by MIKE GOODWIN

RAP WITH AIP

Roger Corman is AIP's best house-director—a veritable master of the exploitation film. He was responsible for a rash of Edgar Allen Poe flicks starring Vincent Price, many of the **I Was A Teen-Age Etcetera** series, and the first of the cycle gang films, **Wild Angels.** He made two beautiful horror films, both starring Price, **The Masque of the Red Death** and **The Tomb of Ligea.** He made a curious, innacurate film about LSD called **The Trip**, which despite its failings was (and is) a lot of fun.

Corman gave Peter Bogdanovich his start (as assistant director on **Wild Angels**), and Jack Nicholson his (writing the script for **The Trip**, and acting in a number of Corman horror epics). Through it all, Corman's films made money—aimed as they were at the lowest audience denominator; at the same time, they delivered an honest 90-minutes' entertainment for the admission price. Some of his films were god-awful, but others were marvelously effective and exciting.

But Corman works for AIP, and AIP is sometimes less cooperative than at other times. Which brings us to **Gas-s-s-s,** Corman's latest film, and possibly his best work to date. AIP never liked the project, and Corman had to pull rank in order to get backing. But it's hard to believe that AIP, seeing the finished film, could fail to realize what they had: an intelligent, hip, hilarious satire on the whole youth market genre. Nonetheless, fail they did; they had painted themselves into a corner, and couldn't admit that Corman had been right and they had been wrong. So the film opened in San Francisco (as it did nearly everywhere else) without benefit of press review, without any real promotion, and with ads that didn't even list Corman's name.

I don't want to get into reviewing the film—I already wrote about it for *Rolling Stone*—but I think a conversation I had with a Mr. Siegal, the publicity head of the San Francisco office of AIP, should be made public just so people can get an idea of what a creative filmmaker goes up against when he chooses to work in Hollywood USA.

"I'm a film critic," I said, "writing for *Rolling Stone*, and I need a press book and some stills from **Gas-s-s-s.**"

"What for?" asked the publicity man. "It's closing in a couple of days. Anyway, the film is a bomb."

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. "*I'm* supposed to say it's a bomb, and *you're* supposed to say it's good. It's your movie, remember? But it's great, it really is. I'm gonna write a rave review."

"It's bombing everywhere it opens," said Mr. Publicity.

"Yeah, but you haven't done any promotion at all. You should be promoting the ass off this picture."

"We've promoted it, and it still did lousy. We're not throwing good money after bad."

"Where did you promote it?" I asked.

"We did a big campaign in Salt Lake City."

"Oh, *man*! Salt Lake City is where you promote **Love Story**, not **Gas-s-s-s.**"

"It's a terrible picture."

"Suppose it got a really good review in *Rolling Stone*. Would you consider playing it again?

"What's *Rolling Stone*?"

"It's a national rock and roll magazine.

"No, it doesn't matter. When we did the Salt Lake promotion we had that rock and roll band—Little Joe, the one that's in the film—and they did a concert and it didn't help."

"Little Joe...oh, you mean Country Joe and the Fish."

"Yeah, Country Joe."

"Well, look, man, why don't you just send me a press book anyway."

Most likely you haven't seen the film—hardly anyone has, thanks to AIP. And that's really a drag, because it's one of the most amazing films to come out of Hollywood in many years. You can try writing to AIP, but it probably won't do any good. It might make more sense to write to Corman, and tell him you understand.

Movies sure are a weird way to make a living.

SHOW BIZ

PALM SPRINGS - Hollywood is bankrupt. Budget movies are being bootlegged. Major studios are selling out.

Good friends of mine with "star" names are working for minimum just for the exposure and the hope that one good role may lead to a better one with pay.

Yet, Screen Extras Guild and the Association of Motion Picture and TV Producers announced the basic increase for extras will be from the present $29.15 a day to $35.65. On a future date, "bit" players (actors who have a couple of lines in a scene) will get an extra $1.50 a day for wet work, body makeup, interviews and wearing a beard.

Who are they kidding?

In half an hour a "budget" producer can get hundreds of hopefuls willing to work for whatever he wants to pay, neophytes who never heard of a Screen Extras Guild card. If they do get a break, they'll have to hock their souls to pay the entrance fee into the glorified ranks of Screen Actors Guild. Having achieved that they, like their brothers, will sit and rot, waiting for the phone to ring, waiting for the agent to call—waiting.

Sure an extra (a guy in the crowd) is going to get $35.65 a day — when he works. Meanwhile what? It sounds just great, but what a hopeless situation.

Even the big automobile companies are making TV commercials with anybody who is willing to work for *Their* price. Right here in Palm Springs, established actors are promoting cars on film and in stills (photographs) which the companies can use indefinitely without residuals (a fee paid each time the commercial is shown on TV) for *Their* price.

Today's movie business is totally flip-flop.

It's anybody's horse race, and the dark horses are winning, not only at the box-office, but the golden statues from the Academy, without $35 a day extras or star names.

When I started in the picture business it was 1932. Oranges and breakfast cereal samples were free, street cars and busses were a nickel a ride and $5 was a lot of bread.

The same rule about agents was true then as it is now. You couldn't get a job without an agent, and you couldn't get an agent unless you had a job!

But you could follow a hot tip, work in a shoebox theatre for nothing hoping you might be "seen", or go to the weekly castingcalls held as a courtesy by every casting office, which were more an insult than a joke.

Joan Woodbury is currently a feature writer and columnist for a variety of southern California newspapers. She is producer of Redlands Bowl opera and light opera, and producer-founder of Valley Players Guild Theater in Palm Springs. Miss Woodbury's last film was *Ten Commandments*.

That's when I learned to throw up my chin and stick out my thumb. All glamoured up in home-made finery. I'd hitch-hike to a studio, to make an "open" audition, on time.

For $5 a day, I worked extra with Thelma Todd and the Three Stooges, the target of their meringue pies, did "bits" for $15 a day with Spencer Tracy, Robert Donat and Maurice Chevalier, in which I supplied my own evening gown, was slathered with body makeup and paid my own cleaning bill.

"Quickie" westerns were made—in the days before Screen Actors Guild stopped such nonsense—in 85 hours!

Sleep was a luxury. You were hired if you could ride, do your own makeup and false hair and play a scene in one "take". The maximum salary for "The Girl" was a set fee of $150.

Col. Tim McCoy, who was old enough to be my father, and I galloped around and through every draw and canyon of Chatsworth making those five-day-wonders.

The job began on Monday at 4 a.m. The director and cameraman picked me up at my house and drove hell bent for leather for the hills where all location shots would be made. At 5 a.m. with the aid of lights and reflectors, I was "ready in makeup and mounted".

We worked outdoors until the lights and reflectors couldn't fool anybody that night had settled in, then tore back to the one-stage studio on Sunset Boulevard to work opposite a mystery movie shooting on the same stage. While they rehearsed a scene we shot, and vice-versa, sometimes until 2 a.m.

If I got home, after removing the day's makeup and grime, I secured my false curls in a bureau drawer, put them up in rags, and hung them up to dry. I was lucky if I got home by Friday. Most of the time I slept in my dressing room on the lot.

Leif Erickson and I played a full day's scene at Paramount when we were babes in the business and hit the jackpot. We each got $35.

In **Anthony Adverse** I worked an all-night stretch in mid-winter on Warner's back lot, on a night the citrus dropped dead from frost, in two pieces of chiffon and body makeup for $50.

But that job got me the breaks. Francis Lederer saw the film and took me on the road with him on a personal appearance tour throughout the East.

I came back to a contract at RKO as a feature player and finally starred my way through six of the worst films that lot ever released.

After that I did **Algiers** and another half dozen dreadfuls for 20th Century and in between made "B's" for everybody including the King Brothers' first venture called **Paper Bullets**, in which an unknown actor called Alan Ladd made his first appearance in a glorified "bit". The film is still hanging around television.

In 1938 I married film star Henry Wilcoxon, raised a family and watched the merry-go-round from the sidelines, doing only an occasional film.

And I watched and learned the real meaning of showbusiness from the master of them all, Cecil B. de Mille, when my husband became his associate producer on the Academy Award winning **Greatest Show on Earth.**

As far back as the early 50's de Mille saw the writing on the wall. He'd always wanted to tell the circus story, and when finally able to do so he swung a deal that made history. He telephoned John Ringling North, owner of the Greatest Show on Earth and offered to buy the trade name for his movie.

He not only got the name, he *owned* the circus for one entire year! Throughout the three months of winter quarters at Sarasota, Florida, and under canvas across the country, de Mille had shooting privileges for which he never had to hire an extra nor a bit player. Thousands of paying customers swarmed the midway hoping to buy tickets just to be there while de Mille, Betty Hutton, Charlton Heston and Cornel Wilde were playing their roles on the sawdust, and the personnel of the circus from roustabout to clowns and fliers worked their tails off for that one moment of filmed immortalization.

Again in the mid-50's he put the largest mob scene in the history of motion pictures on the screen when he shot the "exodus" in **The Ten Commandments**—250,000 people jammed into the Vistavision lenses along with thousands of animals.

Apart from the authenticity of actual location shooting, which gave the boys in the publicity department a double-barreled charge, de Mille was able to hire by tribe! He paid the sheiks who in turn brought in every man, woman and child together with all their animals for a money holiday and guaranteed water.

When he announced he was sending a construction crew to build the gates of the castle of Pharoah Ramses in the Sahara desert, gates which stood nearly 200 feet high and almost 400 feet long, intended following them with a second unit crew, later with his first unit and stars, and was about to bring in thousands of nomads, a lot of people thought he was crazy. Especially when his advance man wired him from Cairo: "Found great location. Magnificent setting for gates. Everything ready to go. One problem. No water".

De Mille not only read in advance the writing on the wall as to budgets, he was a gambler who would take any risks to accomplish his ends. Like Caesar, he answered his advance man with two laconic words, "Dig well". The construction crew dug, and water came gushing up in a region that hadn't seen water since the ice age. Two such wells supplied the tribes, their animals and both shooting units from Paramount with so much water that the day they pulled up stakes green

Joan Woodbury as the Cuban dancer in **Anthony Adverse**

grass was growing abundantly around every spigot!

For what it later cost de Mille to shoot the week-long "golden calf" sequence in which I was featured, on stages 16 and 17 at the Paramount lot in Hollywood, he shot for nearly two months in Egypt.

Realizing the only possibility of shooting spectaculars was via foreign locations, other companies followed the de Mille lead. **Ben Hur** was shot in Rome, **King of Kings** in Spain, and the ill-fated **Cleopatra** again in Rome where extras could be hired for $2.50 a day.

But since de Mille's death, I've watched his peers pass away and the big directors, many of them grow too old to change their high-budget ways.

I've watched the new crop of Ivy League idiots from Madison Avenue take over and watched lots like Paramount become the extension of an oil company.

And now, with thousands of young talents begging for breaks, and as many seasoned troupers going into real estate, they're going to raise the salaries of extras and bit players.

The myth of Hollywood has always left me guessing, but now I'm really confused!

Joan Woodbury

THE MIND'S EYE

by JOHN HOFSESS

Confronted with the vast sea of movies with its quixotic current, whirlpools of fashion and awesome financial undertow, a critic can choose one of two positions. He can sit like a rock on the shore and with a spectacular spray of words accuse the ocean of bad taste. The rock can thunder, "I, the Gibralter of aesthetics, have spoken—" with the stentorian tone of a god commanding the waves to part. But the ocean has it all over the rocks, those it doesn't wash away it slowly erodes. The rock has no influence upon the sea, they come in contact but have nothing in common.

The explorer has no influence upon the sea either, and seeks none. He is enthralled by its mysteries, and not content to stand on a shore of high-minded resistance, he sets sail to learn the ocean's secrets. He logs the vicissitudes of his voyage. He is often fogbound, stormtossed, lost and adrift.

To an explorer **Ryan's Daughter** may seem as welcome as chancing upon the Gulf Stream after bleak winter travel, and as delicious as quaffing a glass of Irish Mist. The rock — with the supercilious disdain that sobriety reserves for the inebriated — refuses to be warmed or moved, and lets the whitecapped wave of "romanticism" crash at its base.

They disagree; that is clear — but does one actually have better taste? I am inclined to the view that what counts for least in film criticism is the film itself: what matters most is the vantage point from which it is seen. Critics are not writing about an object outside them, but writing marginal jottings and whole chapters of their spiritual autobiography, of their relationship to movies at a given point in time.

Critics may seem to be separating the good from the bad, and the excellent from the merely good, they may even aspire to make historic judgments of movies as if every film should be measured against the Western Intellectual Tradition from Homer onwards; but they are, nevertheless, writing the autobiography of their tastes, though rarely do they let us know what their standards are, or by what psychological process their tastes were formed. Critics may pose the question, "Is **Summer of '42** a good film?" but the legitimate inquiry would be, "What combination of experiences, memories, film theory, etc., allow me to enjoy it? or, alternately, why don't I enjoy it?"

Rarely however do critics put themselves in the picture, as it were, and criticize themselves. Most film criticism that is written implies that the viewer considers himself or herself the perfect receiving instrument for all films from Antonioni to Zanuck, the perfect perceiving instrument of all ideas, psychological and social attitudes from Jean Cocteau to Arthur Penn. I don't belong to that school of democratic value vertigo which holds that all opinions are of equal value and everyone's entitled to have one on every subject. There are many films I don't review because I know I am a "hostile witness" as it were, to their contents or form. I discovered at **Gimme Shelter** that I don't want to see another rock-festival movie, and though simply to be informed I went to see **Mad Dogs And Englishmen** and **Celebration at Big Sur,** I'd prefer to leave the reviewing of such films to those who have a greater interest in the subject. Not long ago I was an enthusiastic fan of rock music but after buying Janis Joplin's last album and the Rolling Stones' *Sticky Fingers,* I played them once, yawned and gave them away. I recognized that both albums were quite good, but my interest has waned, and where once I saw "creative energy" I now find only a superficial, monotonous, caterwauling sound that drives me straight to Mozart. Yesterday's craze, yesterday's phase; life seems a little empty without yesterday's overheated enthusiasms and all the things that one trusted and tried. Some people call it disenchantment (and boy are they sore, and depressed) but I call it disintoxication, life at a cooler temperature, the educative moment when a lot of things in movies, books, music and people that were once intemperately rejected, or thought little of, suddenly appear lucid and likeable.

The first Eric Rohmer film I saw was **La Collectionneuse** in Montreal, January, 1968. It seemed tedious. **My Night at Maud's** (seen in 1970) struck me as being calculated in its effects, though it was welcome to hear people speaking of Pascal among others, with intellectual grace. (Godard is so clumsy with quotations; they sit in his films like raisins stuck in a rice pudding, conspicuous, offputting and undigested, whereas Rohmer's characters are clearly accustomed to the winter light of book reading, and have assimilated the knowledge they refer to in conversation). Then at the 68th Play-house in New York, I discovered **Claire's Knee,** and for a couple of hours was lifted out of the city, out of America altogether, and dwelt in a land of witty conversation, sunshine, articulate people with interesting desires. I have little curiousity about its "greatness" as a film; it was refreshing, a restorative proof of how life-enhancing films can be, and all of Rohmer's work began to take on more of a glow. Over on Broadway **Love Story** at State I was slugging it out with a sexual omnibus in State II; against this background of degradation (the *public's* degradation—not the film industry's, for it is the public that decides that **Claire's Knee** will receive only modest support, and **Love Story** will get inordinate profits) seeing **Claire's Knee** in an half-empty theatre made it an experience tinged with melancholy. The sea of movies—the sea of people—I move as a stranger in their midst. **Claire's Knee** must, I suppose, become over-rated for its exceptional qualities, simply because the rest of modern movies have become so downgraded and self-demeaning. One sees it in *reaction* to what otherwise prevails.

PARIS LETTER

GEOFFREY MINISH

Once considered something of a classic, **Carnet de Bal** must nowadays, I suppose, seem like a novelettish exercise in romantic nostalgia—attractive widow looks up the boy friends of her youth— but in late adolescence it hit me pretty hard, particularly the episode in which crooked nightclub boss Louis Jouvet quotes Verlaine to Marie Bell just before he goes off to jail. The episode was written by Henri Jeanson, who died last November, aged 70. An actor who became a journalist, Jeanson had a list of screenwriting credits that included **Pépé le Moko**, **Hôtel du Nord**, **Fanfan la Tulipe** and **La Fête à Henriette**. He was also a one-shot director: **Lady Paname**, filmed in 1949 from his own script and featuring a vivacious performance by Suzy Delair, a Parisian Joan Blondell. In Jeanson's last years he practised the hare-and-hounds kind of journalism, writing columns for both the left-wing satirical weekly *Canard Enchaîné* and the right-wing daily *L'Aurore*, organ of textile magnate Marcel Boussac.

As a journalist, Jeanson was an expert in below-the-belt polemics. He demonstrated this in November 1938, at the time of the vom Rath affair. (Baron Ernst vom Rath, a secretary at the German Embassy in Paris, was shot dead by a 17-year-old Polish Jew, Herschel Grynsz-

pan, after Grynszpan learned that his own parents were among a batch of Polish Jews resident in Germany whom the Nazis had dumped to rot on the frontier of Poland, as inhospitable to Jews then as it is now.) Jeanson, who was co-editing a weekly called *SIA* (*Solidarité Internationale Antifasciste*), wrote an article in which he pointed out that Grynszpan had been refused a resident's visa by the French Interior Ministry, and he went on to argue that it was Interior Minister Albert Saurraut who, "morally, loaded Grynszpan's revolver." Jeanson accused Sarraut of being Hitler and Mussolini's "bloodhound" and he also referred to Sarraut's reputation as a regular client at Le Sphinx, a high-class Montmartre brothel.

The issue was seized and Jeanson charged with "justifying crime." Defence witnesses who either appeared or gave written testimony at his trial included Tristan Bernard, Marcel Achard, François Mauriac, Jean Cocteau and Louis Jouvet. Jeanson got off with a nominal fine of 100 francs.

When war broke out, Jeanson was called up as a reservist. In December 1939 he found himself facing a court martial for a militantly pacifist, anti-Daladier article he had written in *SIA before* the war started. Defence witnesses this time included the politician Gaston Bergery and, defying the displeasure of his superior officers, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Jeanson was sentenced nevertheless to five years' imprisonment, but thanks to wirepulling by Bergery, he only served eight months.

In 1941, Jeanson was again arrested, this time by the Gestapo, who held him as a hostage. After spending four months wondering whether he was going to be shot, he was freed, again through Bergery's intercession. The fact that Jeanson did not have what the English call "a good war" may account for some of his bitterness toward Jean Renoir, who escaped to the United States and was able to continue his career there. Jeanson's hostility went back to pre-war days. On his death, *Le Canard Enchaîné* quoted something he wrote about Renoir at the time of the Popular Front: "It is announced in the press that Jean Renoir, the militant Communist and film director, has left for Mussolini's Italy, where, for 600,000 francs, he is going to make a film of Sardou's 'Tosca'. Dear Renoir! Six hundred thousand francs. . .the price of a real Renoir."

That sort of thing did not endear Jeanson to the New Wave era of French directors and critics, for whom Renoir was the sacredest of cows and who in any case regarded Jeanson's screenplays, with their boulevard-theatre quips, as exemplifying the *cinéma de papa* at its worst. An article Jeanson wrote in *L'Aurore* in 1969 attacking Renoir was answered by a downright hysterical counterblast in *Cinéma 69*, organ of the Frence film clubs, and the January issue of *Cinéma 71* (the figure changes annually) merely notes Jeanson's death and refers the reader to the 1969 issue that attacked him. Which, in a magazine that does a generally useful job in promoting a broad interest in the cinema, is carrying a feud to childish extremes.

Two other holy names Jeanson had no use for were François Truffaut and Robert Bresson. Jeanson disliked Truffaut on personal grounds and certainly didn't buy the choirboy image of himself that Truffaut imposes on Anglo-Saxon journalists. As for Bresson, an interview in the March 1968 issue of *Image et Son* quotes Jeanson as calling Bresson's films "sloppy and totally devoid of style" and Bresson himself "an ignorant, incompetent know-all, a shameless masochist and neurotic egocentric." Jeanson said however he had enormous respect for Jean-Luc Godard, but criticised "the breach between the puerile incoherence of his dialogue and the maturity of his visuals." Godard's movies, he said, "are filmed journalism, polemical reporting on celluloid. He turns out good articles and he turns out bad ones. Like all talented journalists, he has his off days."

Jeanson was talking, of course, before Godard went underground, which is where Jeanson's esteem must have sunk if he ever saw such works as **Wind from the East** and **Pravda.** They are too much even for a former close friend of Godard's like Jean-Pierre Melville. The November 1970 issue of the bimonthly *Cinéma 9* (no connection with *Cinéma 71)* quotes Melville as saying, when asked his views on Godard: "I was much too fond of Godard to talk about him as I would talk about somebody else. Godard is a person for whom I really had extraordinary affection. For months, almost years, sometimes, we were hardly ever apart. I understood him, I knew he was a sad person, and naturally I accepted his mistakes and his excesses, because when you like people you don't criticise them, and little by little I saw him heading for the abyss. I'm not the type to say 'I told you so,' but I even foresaw Godard's downfall and disappearance, particularly after misunderstanding turned him into a cult figure. On that point, I think Aragon will always bear a major responsibility for Godard's downfall.

"They shouldn't have made a god of him, nobody is a god, because God doesn't exist. They shouldn't have deified Godard, because even when a man is very intelligent, which is the case with him, when you tell him too often he's a genius, he ends up believing it, even if he is determined to remain intelligent and not let himself be affected."

MEDIATIONS

JEFF SCHRANK

The feature film boxoffice champ at American-Canadian theaters for 1970 was **Airport** which grossed (an appropriate word) $37,000,000. Distant runners-up were **Mash, Patton, B&C&T&A**, and **Woodstock**. Most significant is the fact that the top ten films of 1970 represented close to 40% of all the film rentals earned by major distributors. If the top twenty are considered they account for 60% of the film rentals.

If you have $16,000 sitting around and want to invest in the film business contact United General Theaters. For that much you can get your very own franchise for one of 2,500 planned "Modern Nickelodeons." The 160-seat mini-theaters fit into existing stores and can turn a profit with an average audience of only 80. The theatre can be a one-man operation; half the films will be offered at a flat $250 a week rental. Admissions will be scaled from $.50 to $1.

The Free Video Press is a magazine in videotape format. For $1.25 you can get a 15 miniute ½" videotape playable on standard playback units. There are interviews, animation, a dozen record reviews, and nine tongue-in-cheek ads, interspersed throughout the tape. The idea behind the **Free Video Press** is to create a video network that can serve as an alternative to the corporately controlled establishment networks. The "magazine" is supposed to be a quarterly project. For info write Broadside, P.O. Box 65, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

Meanwhile, back in the establishment, the first feature film on CBS's EVR format is ready for rental. Peter Ustinov's version of Melville's **Billy Budd** is packaged in 3 EVR cartridges for lease only. Lease period ranges from 3-5 years during which CBS claims the cartridge could be run upwards to 500 times without appreciable deterioration. They also label this as ten times the useful life of conventional 16mm films. Rental is $375 for a 3-year license and $575 for a 5-year lease. Available from Hurlock CineWorld, 13 Arcadia Road, Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870.

Kodak is understandably concerned about all the talk of cartridge TV and instant Polaroid film and so forth. They have announced efforts to perfect a device that would show a cartridge of super 8 film as a color motion image on any commercial color television receiver. They hope that if the device is perfected super 8 film would be competitive with magnetic recording cartridge systems.

The always provocative Senator Fulbright claims the U.S. Defense Department exercises a form of censorship over the movie industry by its decisions to co-operate or not co-operate with feature filmmakers. Fulbright says that in the past five years the Defense Department has denied 8 of 51 requests for assistance for such reasons as an "uncomplimentary portrayal of the President," "because a story about accidents involving nuclear weapons is not in the best national interest" or because the script lacked "positive value". Some producers have made plot/character revisions in order to enlist the military's aid. The Defense Department is the world's largest advertising agency, Fulbright claims. All this and

Jeff Schrank edits *Media Mix*, a monthly newsletter for educators dealing with media and education. He also contributes regular columns to *Religion Teacher's Journal, Today's Parish* and *Media & Methods*. He serves as a media consultant to a Chicago-based publisher, has edited four texts, and writes books (*Media in Value Education*, Argus Press, Chicago, 1970).

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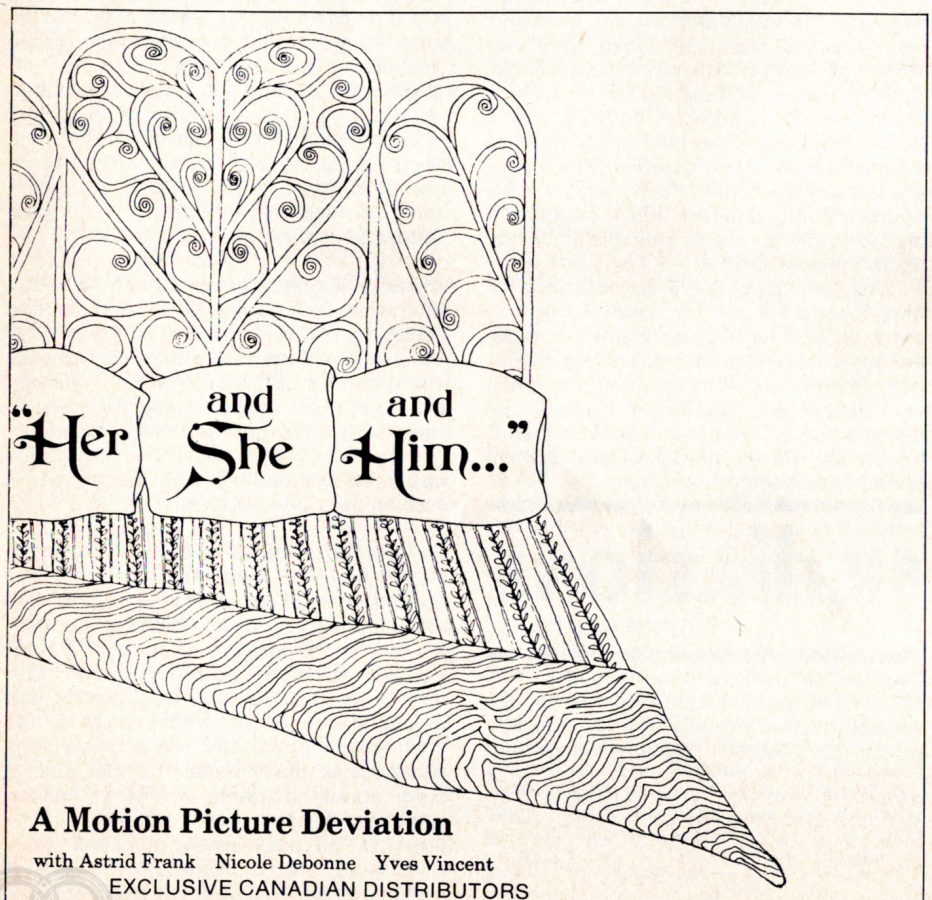

A Motion Picture Deviation
with Astrid Frank Nicole Debonne Yves Vincent
EXCLUSIVE CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS
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more in his more interesting book **The Propaganda Machine** published by Liveright, 1970.

Creative Film Society has a unique collection of short film for rent ranging from Mutt and Jeff cartoons to "underground" classics such as **Off-On, Oh Dem Watermelons, Metanomen, Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome, Fireworks, Billabong, Watersmith, Confrontation at Kent State** and hundreds more. They also have **Airplane Glue I Love You** by Howard Lester. It's a really funny film about a professional hobby model builder whose brain has turned to gelatin from sniffing airplane glue. He somehow gets declared a truant and is returned to the sixth grade. The film received an honorable mention in the 5th Nation Student Film Festival. Films rent from CFS for from $5-$25 and their catalog is free. 14558 Valerio Street, Van Nuys, California. 91405.

Two Rutgers University students studied cars carrying peace stickers and found that they are 10% more likely than cars without such stickers to be flunked in a state safety inspection. Another study involved the relation of radical-slogan bumper stickers to arrests for traffic violations. Three guesses what the study found.

REFLEC-
-TIONS
ON THE CURRENT SCENE

by HERMAN G. WEINBERG

In the field of movie books for children (there was a book once called "Our Movie-Made Children," so important was the subject thought to be and, for that matter, still is), no one is doing more yeoman work than Frank Manchel of the University of Vermont. Just as children and young people have a problem finding films they can see these benighted days, so have they a problem finding books about the movies addressed to them. Dr. Manchel has made this field particularly his own with a series of lucid and graphically explicit books on the subjects of the films' beginnings (**When Pictures Began to Move**), the coming of sound (**When Movies Began to Speak**), the mechanics of film making (**Movies and How They Are Made**), the ubiquitous "horror film," a genre of which I'm told the little dears are particularly fond (**Terrors of the Screen**)

Herman G. Weinberg has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been US correspondent for *Sight & Sound* as well as *Cahiers du Cinéma*, and published several books on the cinema.

and the forthcoming film study-guide for particular use in film courses (**Film Study**).

Actually, they all make useful textbooks for "teaching film" in primary and secondary schools, and some, like **Terrors of the Screen**, would not be out of place on the college level for freshman film students. Certainly, there is very little "writing down" to any specific age levels in Dr. Manchel's books, particularly this one, and that's one of the salutary things about them. They completely eschew gobbledegook. They not only have been thoughtfully prepared and attractively presented but they are reliable, no small thing in the hazardous field of film scholarship. Physically, the books are very handsome indeed, being also abundantly illustrated—you remember what Alice thought, that "what is the use of a book without pictures or conversations?" Well, there are no conversations but lots of pictures, aptly chosen to make all the necessary points, and well reproduced.

They are slim volumes, running around 125 pages each, priced from $3.95 to $4.25. Prentice-Hall Inc. of Englewood Cliffs, N.J. are the publishers, except for the forthcoming **Film Study**, which Atheneum will bring out. I recommend them heartily.

Another book I would like to recommend, as a follow-up to my recent memorial piece on E.A. Dupont in this column, is **Seastrom and Stiller in Hollywood** by Hans Pensel which Vantage Press in New York has issued. Although it details the story of these two fine Swedish directors' brief but telling Hollywood years, it is the "Stiller Hollywood Story" which is the real value of the book. Both directed Garbo, (Stiller discovered her), both made distinguished careers in Sweden which resulted in their call to Hollywood (the sirens' lure to the rocks on which so many great talents foundered — Murnau, Dupont, Stiller, etc.), but Seastrom's is a success story and that's never as interesting or as illuminating as the story of shattered hopes. And that was the case of Stiller—director of Garbo's first film, **The Atonement of Goesta Berling, Sir Arne's Treasure, Erotikon** and other classics of the Swedish screen. In the two years he was in Hollywood, he started five films and completed only one, **Hotel Imperial.** If ever a sensitive artist was slain with humiliation, it was Stiller's treatment in Hollywood. Leaving Garbo behind, an effulgent star with whom, with the highest hopes, he had sailed for America in 1925, he returned, ill and disillusioned, to Sweden in 1927. Seastrom visited him in a hospital in Stockholm in the fall of 1928. Feverish and excited Stiller grabbed Seastrom's hands and told him about his plans for a new picture; it would be the greatest he had ever made. The next day, November 8, 1928, he was dead. There is a photo, facing page 62, of Mauritz Stiller as a young director in Sweden, on the threshold of life, tall, slim, handsome, with a faint but optimistic smile, that itself is worth the $3.50 this modest, but warm little book costs. Buy it—it's a good picture to look at, for what it means. . .

HOW? 7

by DAVID DORFMAN

LIGHT-METERS

Since the invention of cinematography, a number of devices have been used to measure the "amount" of light available for an exposure. For example, the 1913 prototype version of the Leica was designed as a device for taking trial exposures on the spot which is why it used 35mm film. However, since the introduction of the photo-electric meter by the Weston Co. in 1932, all the other devices have fallen out of use, except for the S.E.I. "Photometer," an extraordinarily accurate and expensive spot meter, which utilizes the light sensitivity of the human eye.

All photo-electric meters operate on one of two basic principles. The selenium type meter utilizes the fact that when light falls on selenium, a small but measurable electric current is produced: the more the light, the greater the current. The selenium cell remained the sole commercially available photo-electric device until the late 1950's when the CdS (cadmium sulfide) meter was introduced. The CdS meter works on a different principle—when light falls on CdS, its resistance to a flow of electrical current is increased. That is, the more the light, the less electrical current. (CdS meters require a miniature battery to supply the electrical current.)

Since a photo-electric meter is a device which changes light into a proportional amount of electrical current, the accuracy of the meter is dependent on the precision with which an electrical current can be measured. It is difficult to build an ammeter which is light and compact, yet able to measure small flows of electrical current; therefore selenium meters tend to be less reliable at very low light levels and the opposite is true of CdS meters. Since "built in" and spot meters (all of which use CdS cells) utilize only a small amount of light even at high light levels, they do not normally suffer from this disadvantage. It should also be added that outside of the designs which require CdS cells, selenium meters are to be preferred—besides needing no batteries, they are cheaper and if anything, more accurate for normal cinematographic work.

BUILT-IN METERS

These meters are integral with the camera and/or lens and sacrifice versatility and precision for speed and convenience of operation. The readings they give are "averaged" for the entire subject area. They are either automatic, where the lens opening is set automatically in accordance with light conditions, or semi-automatic, where the camera operator sets the lens opening, with the correct setting shown in the viewfinder by some variation of the match-needle system. To the discussion of these devices in "HOW" numbers 2 and 3, I would like to add the following remarks:

A. None of the built-in meters currently available for 16mm cinematography are as sophisticated as the meters found on the latest still cameras with respect to reading only parts of the subject area, correcting for unusual light conditions, or provision for manual over-ride.

B. Contrary to what is sometimes stated, through-the-lens meters do not necessarily correctly compensate for "filter factors".

C. Though built-in meters are technologically sophisticated, they are photographically primitive, good for getting an image but not for controlling the kind of image.

AVERAGING REFLECTING METERS

These are reflecting meters with the coverage or acceptance angle approximately that of a wide-angle lens. The Weston Master series is typical of this type of meter. Although these meters are meant mainly to be used outdoors for an averaged reading, they can also be used to take spot readings and—via attachments—incident readings, though in the first case they are more cumbersome and in the second case less accurate than meters specifically designed for these purposes. Since these meters are cheap, reliable and versatile, many filmmakers buy this type as a basic first meter.

Some meters of this kind are designed to be mounted on the equipment shoe of the camera. Though this is sometimes a convenient place for the meter to be (and far better than swinging from the cameraman's neck, a foolproof way of destroying a meter's accuracy) it is nothing more, and these meters should not be confused with true built-in types.

SPOT METERS

These meters are designed to take a reading of a particular and defined part of the subject. They are reflected light meters with narrow acceptance angles (usually less than 10 degrees) and a viewfinder which shows the user exactly what is being read. Some of these meters have zooms which allow the acceptance angle to be varied. Besides the S.E.I. "Photometer" previously mentioned, the Minolta spot meter is a currently used and more typical example of this type of meter.

INCIDENT METERS

Unlike the other meters we have discussed, incident meters are used to measure the light falling on the subject—thus they are used at the subject's position rather than the camera's position. Besides the reflecting type meters which have incident attachments, specially designed incident meters are available.

The most familiar design is the so called Norwood type which has a swivel head and white plastic dome. This design also permits the lens opening to be read directly, rather than having to go through the trouble of putting the light reading on the meter's computer dial. (The direct readings are accomplished by inserting

a perforated metal slide behind the plastic dome. The slides are sold in sets and each slide is designed to give a correct reading for a particular film speed.) The Norwood meter can also be used as an averaging reflected light meter, though it is less accurate than meters specifically designed for this purpose.

The flat disc which can replace the dome is meant to be used to separately evaluate each light source, an exposure control technique common in studios but usually too elaborate for the independent filmmaker.

BOOKS

SIGNET FILM SERIES

What with the recent growth of enthusiasm for movies and for volumes of technique and book versions of screenplays, it is not surprising that the larger commercial publishing houses should jump onto the bandwagon. New American Library has made a leap, introducing its "Signet Film Series" which includes—so far—one book on technique, one appreciation, four scripts, and one volume which I feel can only be described as a "collage". One of the more attractive aspects of these books is their price range: $.95 to $1.50. You should not be surprised to come across one of these books in your neighborhood variety store either, for they are in general release and not just available in book stores.

The sole technical book is Edward Pincus' **Guide to Filmmaking,** a handy little book especially tailored for the student. It deals at great length with equipment for the student director and is quite competent in that respect. It is well illustrated and a fine introduction to technique although, understandably, it cannot deal too extensively with aesthetics.

Signet has reprinted, in small format, the large format book, **The Marx Brothers at the Movies** by Paul Zimmerman and Burt Goldblatt, a marvelous film-by-film study of the Marx Brothers by two men who obviously appreciate the classic comedy of Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo. It is a well-written book, tracing the plot of each film and explaining the eternal comedy material as well as the comedians' lives, noting the strong influence of their mother, Minnie, and the early departure from show business of their fifth brother, Gummo. Such a fine book however, should have been left in a large format. In that medium it was both literate and visually striking.

The four screenplays each seem to have individual features to attract the reader. The Maysles Brothers' **Salesman** and Robert Anderson's **I Never Sang For My Father** are probably the most similar in format. They both include an introduction and the script, illustrated throughout with stills. By the way, it should be noted that **Salesman**, the first book in the series, has risen in price from $.75 to $1.25. **Easy Rider** includes expanded commentary and pieces by each of the three principals (Fonda, Hopper, and Nicholson). As well, the directions are more explicit, including notations of dissolves, fades, and Hopper's flashing changes of scene. In addition to the script and black-and-white stills, there are several colour plates.

I found the most interesting of the script-books to be John Cassavetes' **Faces.** It includes the original script as well as the final version, with the original on the odd numbered pages and the final on the even. For the person who has not seen the movie, this system could be somewhat baffling at the beginning, but he will soon catch on to the technique of reading the book. The book includes a section of stills as well as an introduction by Cassavetes and notes by the Director of Photography, Associate Producer, and Co-Editor of the movie and editor of the book, Al Ruban. Also, there is a list of equipment used and sequence explanations, noting the types of film used in the individual sequences and the effects desired and achieved. This book, above all the other entries in the series, best fulfils the artistic and technical ambitions of such a series of books.

The puzzle in the Signet Film Series is **The Making of Kubrick's 2001**, edited by Jerome Agel. Perhaps a more apt title would have been **The Making of Kubrick's 2001 and the Aftermath.** The format of this book, as well as any bewilderment over it, may be understood when one realizes that Agel was involved in the production of such books as Marshall McLuhan's **The Medium is the Massage** and **War and Peace in the Global Village** and Buckminster Fuller's **I Seem To Be a Verb.** The book starts with a clipping from a newspaper announcing that Kubrick had joined with M.G.M. to produce "Journey Beyond the Stars" and it ends with "Its origin and purpose still a total mystery." In between these pages lurks a veritable storehouse of information. It will not replace the **Guinness Book of Records,** but it is a marvelous book to browse through. Included are interviews with scientists and other authorities, the long *Playboy* interview with Kubrick, and assorted quotes, comments, and letters (e.g. by Federico Fellini, Richard Lester, and Mrs. Patricia Attard, who wished her ten dollars refunded). There are also reviews, including one, by John Hofsess, first published in *Take One*. As well as all these delights of the printed word, there is a ninety-six page photo insert, including photos, stills, sketches, and explanations. All in all, it is an extraordinary handbook for enthusiasts of this revolutionary cinema spectacle.

The one major drawback of the series as a whole, I find, is the fact that these books do not seem to be produced for any sort of longevity, a characteristic of most standard paperback books.

In the future we may look forward to **Making a Movie: Brewster**, about Robert Altman's "Brewster McCloud", a book version of Dennis Hopper's **The Last Movie**, and **The Celluloid Muse: The Hollywood Directors Speak**, by Charles Higham and Joel Greenberg.

Blaine Allan

Andersen, Yvonne; **Teaching Animation to Children.** Van Nostrand Reinhold Company, New York, 1970, 112 pages. (In Canada: Little, Brown & Co.; $6.95).

It's easy to understand how the Yellow Ball Workshop in Lexington, Massachusetts has made an international success (Fellini loves their stuff) with its animated film work. The founder, and author of this book, shows a stunning respect for the intuition and intelligence of children and a nice appreciation of the value of art.

Her aim in this book is to describe thoroughly the animation technique that any individual group—of any age—can use to make drawing, painting, and sculpture into film. In clear, short chapters Miss Andersen describes the picture equipment, art materials and their use and storage, and the organization of the workshop, which she sees as a grown-up place where the freedom to create brings satisfaction to both teacher and student. She goes through a few early lessons in filming, animation and projection, and outlines some of the problems students have and how they are solved, then gives a lot of information on editing. In another chapter with plenty of good illustrations she writes about special effects, scene transition, zoom with and without zoom lens, panning and titling.

A good example of the ingenuity used to help the young artists be more creative is the eighth chapter, "Story," where she describes the development of a film from the drawing of a face, a figure, and a background. The child first painted and filmed a face with some moving features, such as the eyes and mouth, then did a smaller copy of the face adding a body with cutout arms and legs which were shot in action. Next a background was designed in the spirit of the artwork already done. Two more characters fitted naturally into the scene, and from this a spontaneous and entertaining story developed. Where the child's patience ran out a simplified technique was invented to fill in the story.

Her material on sound tracks covers how the groups work to create sound effects and synchronize them to the film with ¼" sound tape, and transferring the track to 16mm magnetic tape and re-editing. All this technical stuff is clear because the author has had a lot of experience demonstrating practical information to kids (and her writing shows it), and because the pictures are good. Having the book might be frustrating for anyone with no way of laying hands on a 16mm Bolex reflex camera with a wide-angle 10mm Switar lens, and a projector, but it would be a great thing for anyone working with children, or old people needing a reawakening to the possibilities of art as a first-rate pleasure.

Sandra Arioli

Sandra Arioli is married to National Film Board animator Don (**The House that Jack Built**) Arioli. They have four children.

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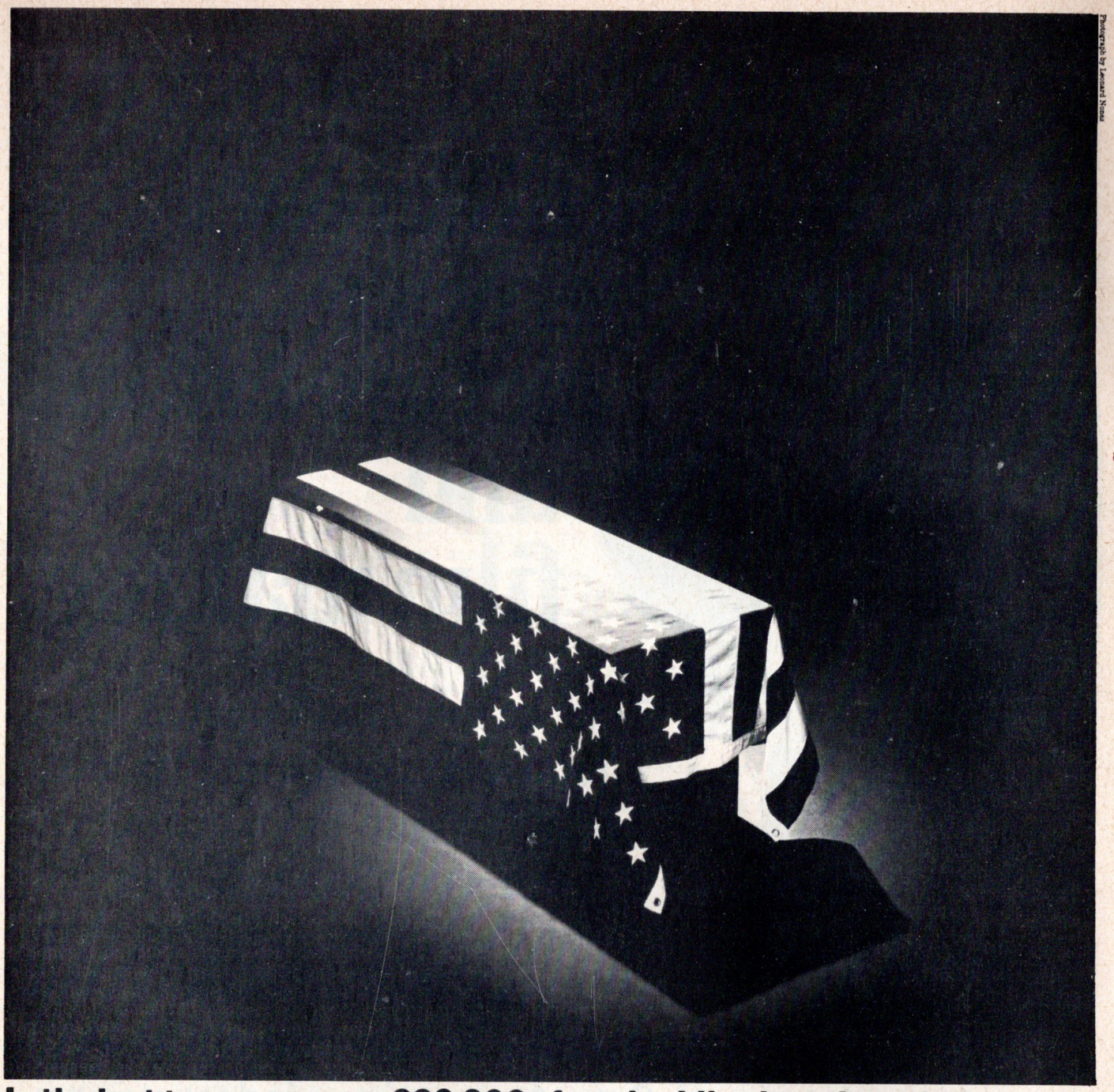

Photograph by Leonard Nones

In the last ten years, over 339,000 of our buddies have been killed or wounded in Vietnam. And more are being killed and wounded every day. We don't think it's worth it.

We are veterans of the Vietnam War. We have fought and bled from the swamps and hills of Vietnam to the plains of Cambodia. We have seen our buddies die there. And we can no longer remain silent.

We have seen the Vietnam War for ourselves. And from what we have seen, we believe that it is wrong, unjustifiable and contrary to the principle of self-determination on which our nation was founded.

We believe that the Vietnam War is a civil war—a war in which the United States has no right or obligation to intervene. We believe that the Saigon Government must stand or fall on its own. And we have seen the type of government it really is. A military dictatorship in which there are no free elections and some 40,000 people are held as political prisoners. We don't think that is the kind of government worth fighting for.

We have seen what the war is doing to Vietnam. The country is being physically destroyed by bombing, defoliation, and the killing of its civilian population. (Civilians in Vietnam are being killed and wounded at the rate of 200,000 a year, 60% of them children. And 80% of them as a result of American firepower.) And we don't think that that's worth it.

We have seen what the war is doing to our own country. We are being torn apart. Our young people are being alienated. Our most pressing domestic problems are being neglected for lack of funds while the war which has already cost us $130 billion goes on at $800 a second... $48,000 a minute... $2,880,000 an hour. Meanwhile the value of our dollar is being destroyed by inflation. And we don't think that that's worth it.

We have seen what the war is doing to our buddies and their families. Over 44,000 have already been killed and another 295,000 wounded*—many of us maimed for the rest of our lives. And more are being killed and wounded every day. And we don't think that that's worth it.

We believe that the basic problems of Vietnam are not military but social, economic, and political. We believe that there is no military solution to the war. We believe that, in any case, we cannot win a land war in Asia. And we believe that in this nuclear age our national security does not require us to win it.

Therefore, we believe that the best way to support our buddies in Vietnam is to ask that they be brought home, now, before anyone else dies in a war that the American people do not understand, did not vote for, and do not want. And we think that that's worth fighting for.

If you're a Vietnam veteran and feel the same way we do we ask you to join us. If you're a concerned citizen we ask you to support us by filling out the coupon below. But we ask you to please do it now. The lives of a great many of our friends depend on it.

*Casualties as of March, 1971.

Vietnam Veterans Against the War

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